

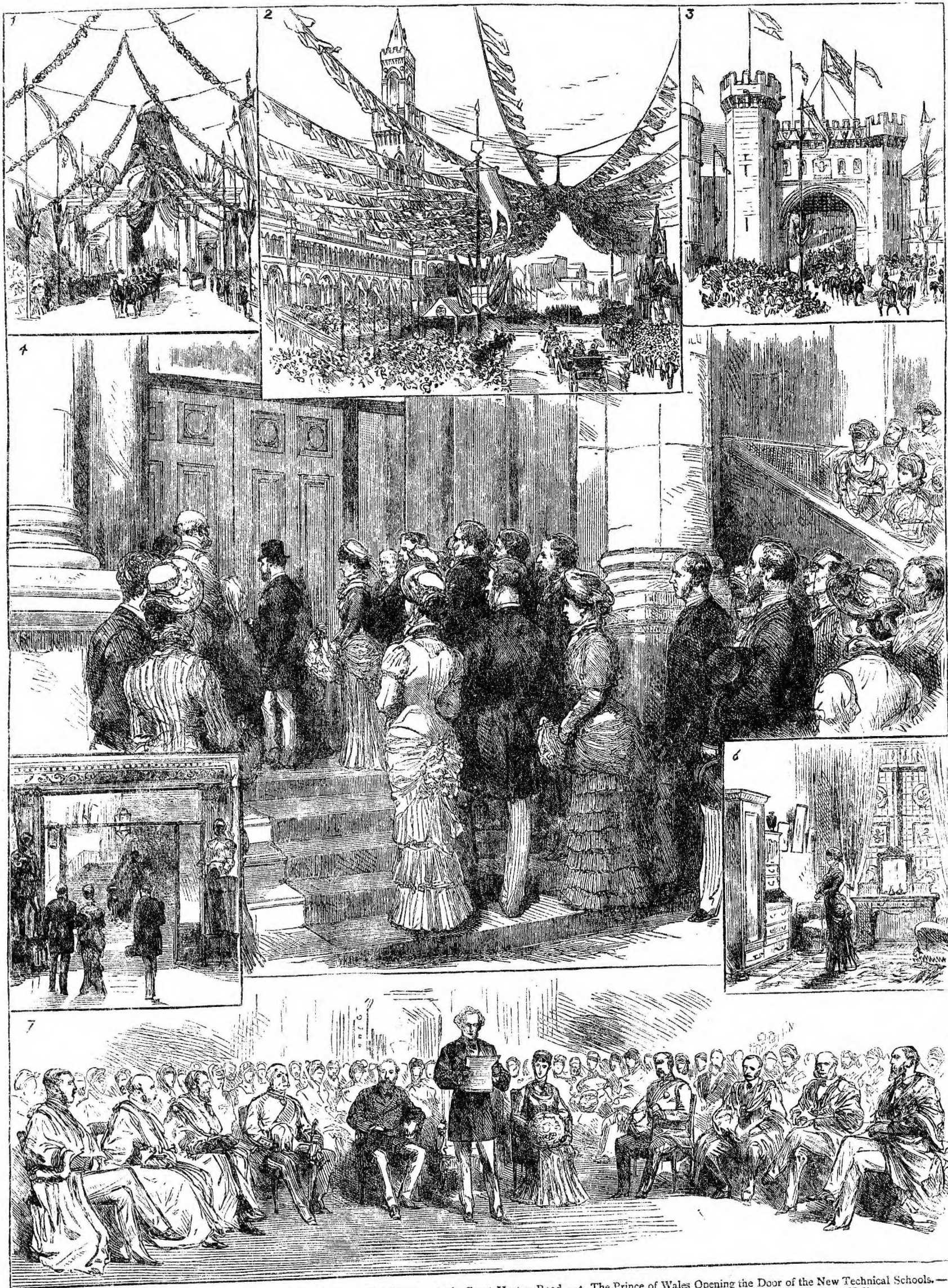
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 657.—VOL. XXVI.
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SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1882

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
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1. The Triumphal Arch in Market Street.—2. The Town Hall.—3. The Norman Arch, Great Horton Road.—4. The Prince of Wales Opening the Door of the New Technical Schools.—
5. Staircase in the Technical Schools.—6. The Princess of Wales's Retiring Room in the Technical Schools.—7. Reading the Address in the Lecture Hall.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BRADFORD

Topics of the Week

ENGLAND AND THE CONFERENCE.—England has often been warned by Mr. Gladstone that, in dealing with questions of international importance, she can never be safe unless she associates herself with the European Concert. It is not improbable that this doctrine will soon be put to a severe test. When the idea of a Conference for the consideration of the Egyptian troubles was first suggested, it was generally assumed that the policy of England would receive the approval of the other Powers. This assumption is now admitted to have been made rather hastily. The inclination of what are sometimes called the Eastern Powers is to recognise accomplished facts in Egypt; and although France has not yet acknowledged the expediency of this course, there are many influential Frenchmen who think it would be preferable to armed intervention either by the Porte, or by England, or by England and France combined. If the majority of the Conference were to decide that the existing Egyptian Ministry should be supported, England would be placed in a position of serious difficulty. She has demanded that Arabi should not only be dismissed from office, but be removed from the country; and to withdraw this demand, especially after the despatch of the fleet to Alexandria, would be almost intolerable humiliation. A mere diplomatic defeat, however, by which the honour of France would be as much affected as our own, would hardly be considered to justify war. The real question is, whether our permanent interests would be secure in the event of the supremacy of the military party being established. If we may judge from the war preparations, of which we hear so much from the daily newspapers, the English Government are of opinion that this question must be answered in the negative; and their view is undoubtedly shared by the majority of the English people. English policy in Egypt has only one vitally important object, and that is to keep open the route to India. We could not be confident that it would be kept open if Egypt were dominated by a military adventurer who hates us, and who is known to obey secret instructions from Constantinople. It is just possible that if England remains firm the Conference will arrive at some decision which will make independent action on her part unnecessary; but in the present disturbed condition of Europe we cannot look forward with confidence to so favourable a result.

OUR LEGISLATIVE MACHINERY.—Although Parliament theoretically consists of King, Lords, and Commons, the Lower House has for a long time past secured the monopoly of legislation. If it cannot find time to legislate, neither of its august partners can lend any practical aid. There are probably more men of what are called business habits in the House of Commons now than there were fifty or sixty years ago, and the members must as a rule possess more than average energy and force of character, yet the sad fact remains that public business is nowadays always terribly in arrear. Of course the Irish Irreconcilables are the chief cause of these delays. They, or rather the constituents whose mouth-pieces they are, hate the British connexion, they want to see Ireland independent, and they, therefore, deliberately waste the time of the Imperial Parliament, with the hope that ere long Ireland will be abandoned to her own resources for the sake of getting rid of their intolerable presence at Westminster. But why do not the English, the Scotch, and the loyal portion of the Irish members combine to put down this handful of aliens, for that is what they practically are? Why, for example, as the overwhelming majority of the House approved of the provisions of the Prevention of Crime Bill, was it not passed at a single sitting? Possibly this might actually have been accomplished had Mr. Gladstone shown a genuine earnest desire to pass the Bill. But at the same time our system of Government by party raises a formidable objection to this method of procedure. If all debate on the Crime Bill had been silenced, Sir Stafford Northcote might have found the mouths of himself and friends gagged when the Arrears Bill comes on. And, as regards these troublesome Irishmen, their privileges, so long as the Union lasts, are co-equal with those of any other members, a fact of which they are very fully aware. One thing is certain, the House of Commons will have to amend its method of doing business, or it will sink into contempt. Already by many people it is regarded rather as a place of entertainment than of instruction, a place which is usually dull, but is sometimes sensational and amusing. Some of the most urgent reforms might be made in a few minutes, if the House was only willing. For instance, one hour, and one hour only, might be devoted to the asking and answering of questions. With proper management this would be quite time enough. At present, questioning overshadows everything else, and members begin serious work just when they ought to be in bed. In fact, the existing system is so supremely absurd that it might have been devised by a Select Committee of ladies and gentlemen from the Colney Hatch Asylum.

MR. GLADSTONE'S AND LORD BEACONSFIELD'S POLICY.—The present policy of the English Government in Egypt ought to suggest a doubt to many Liberals whether the issues raised by Mr. Gladstone in the Midlothian campaign were quite so comprehensive as they supposed. He often talked as if he intended to reverse completely Lord Beaconsfield's

policy; but, after all, the difference between the present and the late Premier is now seen to be one of degree rather than of kind. Lord Beaconsfield preferred to deal with the Eastern Question by securing Constantinople, and by securing it through the friendship of Turkey and of the Central European powers; Mr. Gladstone has the same ultimate aim in view—the maintenance of our route to India—but endeavours to attain it simply by defending Egypt. There are, of course, Liberals who would advance much further. Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the Anti-Aggression League are so thoroughly consistent that they would let Egypt go, and be content that in the last resort we should confine ourselves to the old route by the Cape. These logical politicians, however, form a small minority; the bulk of the Liberal party agree with Mr. Gladstone that, for the present at any rate, we cannot afford to lose our control over the Suez Canal. The only question, therefore, between the followers of Mr. Gladstone and those who supported Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy is whether our interests are being more effectually secured by the former than they would have been by the latter. Events may declare in the end in favour of Mr. Gladstone; but, at present, the balance of evidence certainly leans the other way. If Lord Beaconsfield's ideas had prevailed, the Sultan would probably have had no inclination to stir up Arabi or any other Egyptian leader against foreign influence; and, had he manifested any such disposition, it would have been promptly discouraged by Germany, which is admitted to exercise great influence in Constantinople. Mr. Gladstone's "bag and baggage" policy, and his too-famous warning addressed to Austria, made it almost inevitable that we should be embarrassed at the first favourable opportunity by Turkey, without any serious protest by either of the German Powers.

THE IRISH LAND CORPORATION.—Totally oblivious of the communistic legislation introduced by himself, and which has materially helped to fan the flame of Irish discontent, Mr. Gladstone has more than once rather unhandsonely twitted respectable Irishmen with their inability to preserve order. The accusation was most unfair. Had they been left to their own resources—as people are left in the American Territories—without doubt they would have made short work of the cattle-hoggers, the moon-lighters, the assassins, and, in fact, all the myrmidons of lawlessness by whom their unhappy island is infested. But the Government would not let them help themselves, while at the same time the protection which it professed to afford was, until quite lately, entirely illusory. One of the consequences of this deplorable apathy on the part of the Government was the firm establishment of the Land League (which, though nominally disorganised, is really as potent as it ever was) and the promulgation of the doctrine that the payment of rent is a crime. The landlords who have suffered most from the application of this doctrine are not the big men with long rent-rolls derived from English as well as Irish property, but the small men who have sunk all their fortunes in the purchase of an estate, and for whom the non-payment of rent spells pecuniary ruin. And not only are they unable to get the back-rent for the farms from which defaulting tenants have been evicted, they cannot re-let these farms because nobody dares to occupy them. In this strait an association has been formed, called the Irish Land Corporation, and subscriptions are freely coming in. The aims of the Company are, to lend money on the security of the land; or to take the land at a low rent and work it; or, if the landlord wishes to sell, to buy the land out, and out. It is perhaps a good sign that the scheme has been denounced with the utmost virulence by the apostles of disorder in the House of Commons and elsewhere. They understand that if it succeeds it will injure the cause of Land Leaguery. But will the enterprise succeed? There is one obviously weak point in it. The Company may raise money in abundance, but they cannot provide the intended occupants of their farms with bullet-proof skins. To be really successful the plan ought to be carried out over an area so wide that the new occupants would form a self-protecting confederation. But this almost implies another Ulster Plantation.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The cry of "perfidious Albion" has once more been raised with some effect by French newspapers. England, we are told, has been playing her old game of protecting her own selfish interests at the expense of innocent and impulsive France. Talk of this kind is at least useful in showing to how small an extent some elements of French character have been changed by recent events. In former times France was always more or less ready to accuse other Powers of "betraying" her; and it seems that she is still disposed to make the same charges whenever she finds herself in a position of unexpected difficulty. In reality, there is not the slightest evidence that she has been deceived by the English Government. M. Gambetta had no sooner risen to power than he showed that he was anxious to adopt a vigorous policy in Egypt; and it is not impossible that, if his proposals had been accepted, they would have saved much future trouble. Lord Granville, however, believed that the time had not come for decisive action, and doubted whether, if it had come, M. Gambetta's plans would have been admissible. No secret was made of the real opinions entertained at the English Foreign Office. Lord Granville, indeed, appears to have been remarkably frank; and, if M. Gambetta was misled, that was because he

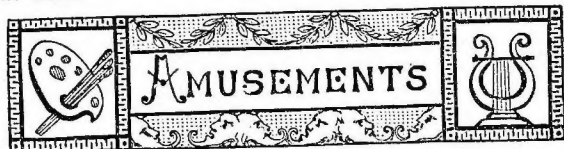
preferred to shape his course by his own hopes and aspirations rather than by plain facts. On the whole, Englishmen have no reason to regret the storm of indignation which has been evoked in France by the publication of the despatches. The incident will tend to dispel some illusions as to the limits and conditions of the Anglo-French alliance. England sincerely desires not only to maintain friendly terms with France, but to act with her as far as possible in the treatment of every question by which their common interests are affected. In Egypt, however, the interests of England are peculiar; her stake in the country is incomparably more important than that of France. Henceforth Frenchmen ought to understand that, when Egyptian difficulties arise, they must not expect England to take precisely their view of the necessities of the situation.

ENGLAND AS A GREAT POWER.—Of course, we are incontestably one of the Great Powers, and yet it is pretty certain that Spain, which would like to have been present at the Constantinople Conference, but was shy of asking for fear of a rebuff, could more easily spare a respectable military contingent for foreign service than we can. Of course, we are a Great Power, and we are actually going to strengthen the Mediterranean Fleet by sending out a thousand marines. A thousand marines! Think of that, Arabi, and tremble in your sandals. There is talk, too, of bringing Sepoys from India, should fighting appear likely, and precedents are being industriously cited to justify such a course. Yes, England is a Great Power, but it is a fact, sad or auspicious, according to whether it is regarded from the Jingo or the Wilfrid Lawson point of view, that England has very few soldiers to spare. Half of our regular army of 190,000 men is in India and the colonies, and the lion's share of the remainder is in Ireland. Says the *United Service Gazette*, "We could not, without the undue strain of calling up our Reserves, muster more than 16,500 men of all arms for active service, and of this force a further contingent will be required to prevent Ireland from taking advantage of our embarrassment. England could not place more than 15,000 men in the field without denuding her colonies, and leaving her magazines and arsenals unprotected from those desperadoes who deal in dynamite." Our contemporary recommends the addition of 10,000 men to the Royal Irish Constabulary, so as to relieve an equivalent body of troops. In case blows should be exchanged, it is lucky for us, seeing that as regards military force we are such a Lilliputian Great Power, that the Turkish officers, who had practical trial of Egyptian troops during the late war with Russia, have no very exalted opinion of them.

UNDERGRADUATES.—Most people were rather ashamed of the riotous proceedings at the Congregation for conferring degrees at Cambridge the other day. It may be questioned, however, whether the undergraduates were quite so much to blame as some too-zealous officials. The wooden spoon is not, perhaps, an institution which can be justified from the point of view of pure reason; but it does no particular harm, and, on the whole, the proctor who cut the string might have been better employed. A question has been raised whether the entire system of regulations to which undergraduates are subject, both at Cambridge and Oxford, ought not to be revised; and, whatever may be the opinion among the existing authorities at the Universities, the general public would probably have no difficulty in deciding that a good case has been made out for reform. At the time when the rules now in force were devised, almost all undergraduates were very young. Boys who now have still three or four years of school life before them would, several centuries ago have been sent to one or other of the Universities; and of course it was necessary that mere children should be placed under strict discipline. To treat young men in the same way is not only to create a great deal of unnecessary irritation, but to provoke disorder. It has been suggested that the best plan would be to do away altogether with the system of proctors. This would be a rather revolutionary measure; but at any rate the functions of proctors might with advantage be very considerably restricted. At foreign Universities it is not found that students need such very close supervision; and if our undergraduates had more freedom, they would begin to feel, as has been said, that it is their duty "to conform not to an arbitrary standard of proctorial morals, but to that which is common to all Christian gentlemen."

CETEWAYO'S VISIT.—Altogether, it seems rather a pity that the ex-King of Zululand should be allowed to visit England. He is sure to be mercilessly lionised, and, as he has undoubtedly been badly treated, he will in all probability enlist on his side a number of other sympathisers as staunch and as unhesitating as Bishop Colenso and Lady Florence Dixie. Untutored men like Cetewayo cannot easily distinguish between the wishes of individual Englishmen and Englishwomen of rank and influence, and the policy of the English Government. If he is petted in this country, he will be convinced that his restoration to power has been decided on, and if, after all, he is relegated to renewed captivity in Cape Colony, he will feel the disappointment bitterly, and his adherents will say with some justice that he has been cruelly deceived. The Colonial authorities appear to have acted with some vacillation in the whole business, but possibly the publication of Sir H. Bulwer's report, which is promised before the end of the Session, may throw some light on what is at present rather an obscure transaction.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME," from the picture by Carl Gussow, and forming the FRONTISPIECE to VOL. XXV.—The TITLE-PAGE and INDEX will be issued next week.



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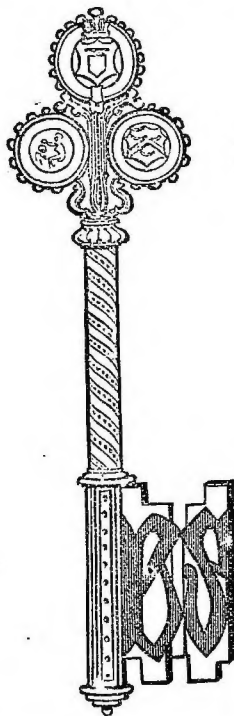


THE ROYAL VISIT TO BRADFORD

BRADFORD is famous throughout the world for its "stuff" manufacture (from long-stapled wool), and its worsted yarns, a trade which has grown with great rapidity. In 1801 the population was 13,264; in 1841 it was 66,715; it is now more than 200,000.

On the 23rd June the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Bradford, where His Royal Highness opened the recently-erected Technical School, which has been built and furnished at a cost of 30,000. Great preparations had been made for giving a hearty and loyal welcome to the Royal visitors. The streets and public and private buildings along the entire route of five miles were profusely decorated, and as the sun shone brightly, and the streets are often so steep as to afford good points of view, the general effect was very picturesque. Thousands of persons occupied every coign of vantage, and welcomed the Prince and Princess most enthusiastically.

On the arrival of the procession at the Town Hall, two addresses were presented, to which the Prince made suitable replies. The party then went to the Technical School, where the Prince opened the door with a gold key (made by Messrs. Rhodes and Sons,



Bradford), and the company passed into the building, taking seats in the lecture hall, where more speeches were delivered.

The most notable speech of the day, however, was that which the Prince made at the luncheon which followed, and at which some 800 ladies and gentlemen were present. His Royal Highness observed that, though as skilled workmen the English are second to no other nation, they require a little more scientific education, and that the students of Bradford would get in the Technical School a technical, scientific, and practical education which would be of the greatest value to them. Mr. W. E. Forster, after giving the chief credit of the formation of this school to Mr. Mitchell, observed that, as regarded technical education, England was beginning to suffer very much from being behindhand in the race with other countries.

The Royal party then returned to Milnerfield, Saltaire, where they were staying. Next day (Saturday) they visited the Grand Bazaar which was being held in St. George's Hall on behalf of the Bradford Church Institute. One of the stalls at this Bazaar, presided over by the Countess of Bective, was filled with Bradford-made goods. In the afternoon the Royal visitors returned to London by the Great Northern Railway.

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT

ARABI PASHA

WE have already (No. 635, Jan. 28, 1882) given a detailed biography of this remarkable man, who, by that rare quality in a Mussulman, sheer strength of mind, has boldly defied the united authority of England and France, and has made himself for the present complete master of Egypt and of the political situation. The Eastern is a good soldier when well officered, and he will do anything for a leader who exhibits self-reliance, decision, and strength of mind. He hates and despises King Log, but will willingly lay down his life for King Stork. This is the secret of the great influence which Arabi Pasha possesses over his countrymen; he does not waver, but boldly pursues his object, utterly regardless of all obstacles, and in defiance of the prohibition of the European nations hitherto looked upon as the arbiters of Egyptian destinies. In the native opinion he has achieved an unequalled success. He has forced the Khedive to keep him at the head of affairs; he has wrested the internal power from the hands of the Europeans, whose fleets, his followers say, are afraid to take vengeance for the insults which his soldiers have heaped upon them. Moreover, he is now not only countenanced by the Sultan, his spiritual as well as his secular ruler, but has been even awarded one of the highest Ottoman decorations—and this at a time when the Ambassadors of the Great European Powers are taking counsel together at Constantinople on the best means of overthrowing him. History alone will show whether Arabi be a pure-minded patriot, as some writers describe him, labouring for the nationalisation of his country, an unscrupulous and ambitious mutineer, aiming at being the successor of Tewfik, as others stigmatise him, or yet again a mere tool of the Sultan, utilised for the long-wished-for restoration of Turkish power in Egypt. Be this as it may, it cannot be denied that Arabi is a man of great determination, and this is evinced by what he has accomplished even since the beginning of the year. Then he was considered to be the most important factor in Egypt, but not even his warmest partisan would have prophesied that in a few months he would venture to defy openly the whole of Europe, and carry on his work

of disorganisation under the very guns of a hostile fleet, especially despatched for the purpose of overawing him.—Our portrait is from a photograph by M. P. Sebah, Cairo.

SIR EDWARD BALDWIN MALET, K.C.B.

SIR EDWARD BALDWIN MALET has been appropriately described as the "hardest-worked Consul-General in Egypt," and certainly he well deserves the designation. For the past few months he has held a most difficult and dangerous post, but throughout has maintained a cool head, and no better proof that he has never shrunk from his duty to his country could be found than the intense hostility with which he is regarded by Arabi and the Nationalist party. Indeed his recall was impudently laid down by Arabi as a condition of peace. In a recent telegram the correspondent of *The Times* describes him as a man "who in times of excitement never refuses to carefully listen to and estimate at their proper value the statements made to him, who is never carried away by prejudice, and who is distinguished not so much for his unvarying courtesy, as for complete self-possession and a power of communicating it to others. To this is to be attributed not only Sir E. Malet's general influence over the Khedive, but the freedom from panic which on the whole the English colony has shown during the recent crisis. Families have been sent away, but no English official and very few private individuals have abandoned their duties in consequence of panic."

Sir E. Malet was born in 1837, is the son of Sir Alexander Malet, K.C.B., and is a diplomatist of considerable experience. In 1854 he was an *attaché* at Frankfurt. Thence he was transferred to Brussels in 1858, and next went to South America, being sent to Parana in 1860, and to Rio de Janeiro a year later. After going to Washington in 1862 he was created Second Secretary at Lisbon in 1865. After serving in Constantinople, Paris, Pekin, and Athens, he became Secretary to the Embassy at Rome in 1876, and at Constantinople in 1878, being subsequently elevated to the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary. Sir E. Malet was appointed Political Agent and Consul-General in Egypt in 1879. He is now suffering from an attack of malarious fever, and has been compelled to go a sea trip for his health.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. J. E. Mayall, of New Bond Street.

THE VICTIMS OF THE ALEXANDRIA RISING

AMONGST the Europeans who were killed in the disturbances at Alexandria on the 11th ult., were Mr. Robert James Dobson and Mr. Reginald J. Richardson of Manchester. Mr. Dobson was only twenty years of age, and, the *Manchester Examiner and Times* tells us, was the son of Mr. Robert Dobson, proprietor of the Gresham Shipping House, Bloom Street, Manchester. Mr. Richardson was twenty-eight years old, and was the son of Mr. J. T. Richardson, house decorator, &c., Shude Hill, Manchester. Mr. Richardson had been in Alexandria some years as manager of a Manchester house belonging to Mr. Robert Dobson. The latter was in Alexandria in May, and since, in consequence of the unsettled state of the country, had given instructions for the business to be temporarily suspended, and for his son and Mr. Richardson to leave the city. Both the murdered gentlemen had of late considered the danger so great that besides applying for protection they had slept with loaded revolvers under their pillows. They had more than once written to their principals that protection was not given to them, and their last letters, which arrived only an hour before the receipt of the telegram announcing that they had been assassinated, contained a complaint to that effect. The poor fellows were killed in attempting to save some of the telegraph company's staff who were out in the harbour. Their bodies were found on the following Tuesday.—Our portraits are from photographs by L. Fiorillo, of Alexandria.

EMBARKATION OF REFUGEES AT ALEXANDRIA

EVER since the rising of the 11th ult. there has been a complete stampede of Europeans from Alexandria, and every available vessel has been crowded with panic-stricken fugitives, most of whom were of a comparatively poor class, and in their anxiety to get away had left nearly all their possessions behind them. Many obtained admission on board the ironclads, the *Monarch* and *Invincible* each receiving 300. "You can imagine," writes the naval officer to whom we are indebted for this sketch, "how hard up people were for room, when I tell you that we counted seventy-three persons, with their bag and baggage, on board the native craft, a regular tub, of which I enclose a sketch. The Government is chartering all available steamers in these regions to convey British subjects away, chiefly to Malta and Cyprus."

SKETCHES AT CONSTANTINOPLE

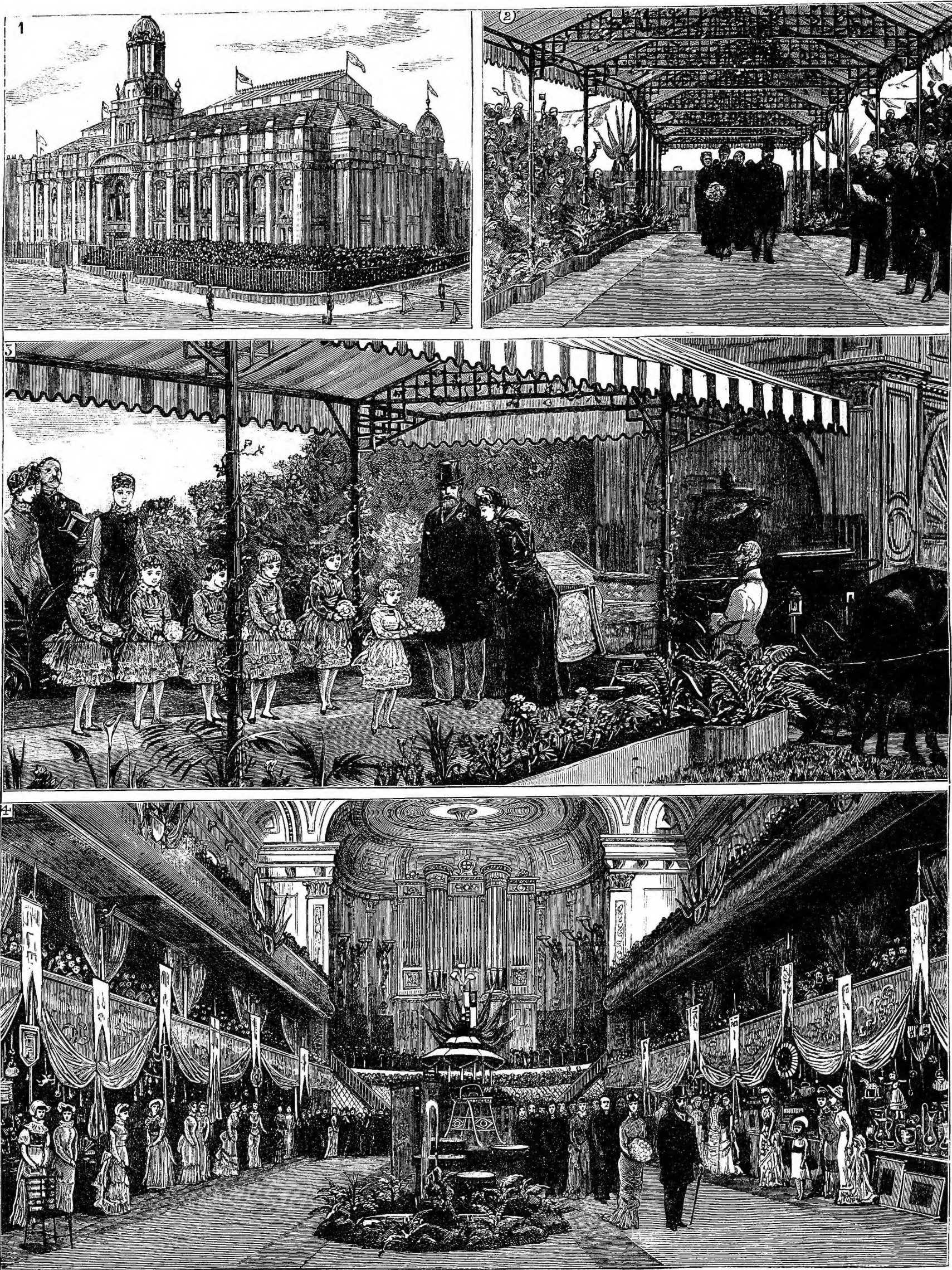
"PERA is not Paradise by any means during the winter," writes our artist, "and when the thaw sets in, the careful citizen keeps to the middle of the road and avoids such a catastrophe as has overtaken a Dervish in our sketch of the Grande Rue. The 'gommeux,' with the Russian fur-topped boots, is fortified with a liqueur at the Café Flamme, or El Dorado, and is 'boulevarding.' The two seafaring gentlemen are mates of merchant craft who thoroughly enjoy the humours of the scene. In the spring every Turk who can afford to leave Stamboul moves up the Bosphorus,—all his household goods and furniture are accordingly carried down to the water's edge by the sturdy hammals, whose bearing power is certainly that of many horses. The water journey to the pretty little village where his summer kiosk is situated is accomplished by caïque, which is alternately rowed and towed. Turning to my other sketches, hair-cutting in Stamboul is a lengthy operation not to be undertaken lightly; the re-blocking of fezzes is also carried on in the same place. The Arcade is a great Pera institution, built after the fashion of the Paris and Brussels Passages, and forms a welcome lounge on a wet day for the Perote dandy. The Bosphorus, though generally as smooth as a lake, is roused at times by a southerly gale meeting the stormy current, and the Queen's Messenger in my sketch has his task cut out to reach the mail-steamer in the *Antelope* steam-cutter which may be seen steaming hard to the quay over waves of unwonted size."

ROYAL VISIT TO HASTINGS

ON Monday, June 26th, the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Hastings for the purpose of inaugurating two works of beneficence, namely, a park for the people and a convalescent home for poor children. The procession, led by mounted police and yeomanry cavalry, consisted of nineteen carriages, besides those of the Royal party. From the nature of the ground, its many commanding views, and changes of perspective, and from the enthusiasm of the spectators at the windows of the profusely decorated house fronts, the constantly shifting scene was very animated. There were five triumphal arches, all of distinct and original design, while the brilliancy of the picture was heightened by the smart uniforms and glittering helmets of the Volunteer Fire Brigade.

The Park, which consists of seventy-seven acres, charmingly laid out, with well-diversified breaks and turns of prospect, by Mr. Robert Marnock, was then formally opened by the Prince, who named it the Alexandra. The Princess planted a tree, the handle of the spade which she used being made of a piece of wood fossilised by long lying on the sea shore.

On the return of the procession it was stopped at the Albert Memorial Clock Tower in order that the members of the Fishermen's Society of Hastings, two hundred strong, and dressed in their Sunday guernseys, might present an address to the Prince.

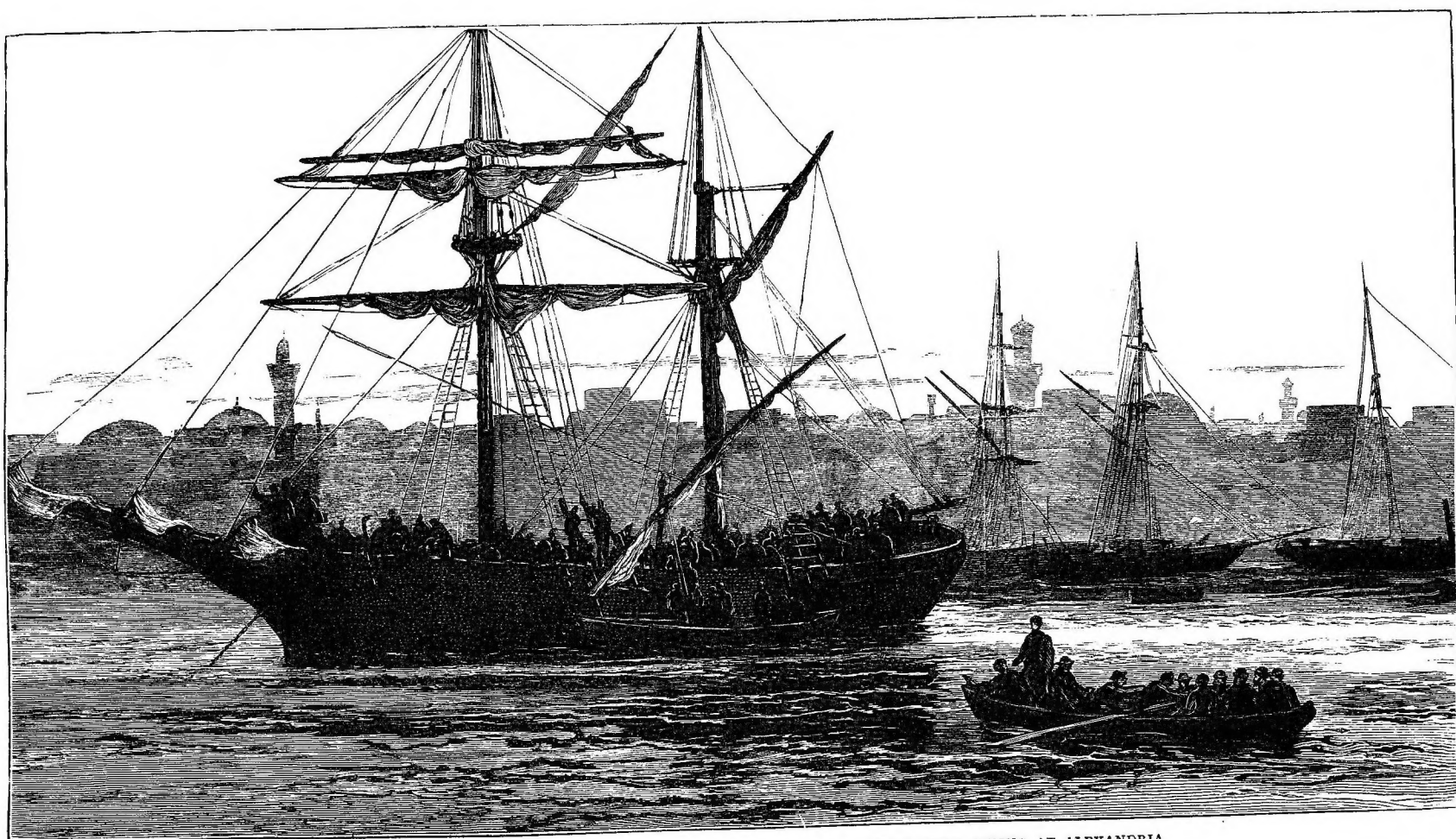


1. The New Technical Schools : Waiting for the Prince.—2. The Arrival of the Prince and Princess at Saltaire Railway Station.—3. Presentation of a Bouquet to the Princess of Wales at Saltaire.—4. Visit of the Prince and Princess to the Bazaar at St. George's Hall.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BRADFORD



ARABI PASHA
EGYPTIAN MINISTER FOR WAR AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL PARTY



REFUGEES EMBARKING ON BOARD A NATIVE COASTER AFTER THE RECENT RISING AT ALEXANDRIA

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT

They were marshalled by the Rev. James Weller, one of the Committee of the Harbours of Refuge Movement, Mr. F. Johnson, Hon. Secretary of the same, and the Rev. Charles Dawes, Chaplain to the Fishermen's Club. The actual presentation was made by Zebulon Harman, a hale patriarch of eighty-one. The purport of the address was that the fishermen thanked the Prince for the personal interest he has taken in the appliances for catching fish and in the preservation of the lives of seafaring men. The Prince in his reply spoke of his own near and dear relations who were exposed to the perils of the sea.

Passing along highly-decorated streets, the procession arrived at the Convalescent Home for Poor Children, where the Royal visitors were received by Mr. Murray, M.P., Lady Anne Murray, and the President and Treasurer. An address was then read in the dining-room by the Treasurer, and a short religious service was offered by the Bishop of Chichester, the Princess of Wales first speaking thus: "I declare this house opened and devoted for ever to the glory of God, for the use of poor convalescent children from all parts of the Kingdom, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." After the service a number of young ladies brought purses to the table. The thirty children now in the House were afterwards visited by their Royal Highnesses. One child gave the Princess a basket of shells and seaweed, which she carried away.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME"

CARL GUSSOW, the painter of the picture from which our engraving is taken, was born in 1843 at Hevelberg-in-the-Mark. He was first educated at Zerbst, but having, in 1862, decided to embrace the profession of a painter, he studied under Pannovels at Weimar, and under Piloty at Munich. In 1872 the Berlin Academy exhibited a picture of Gussow's, "The Sempstress," which displayed his individuality in the most unmistakable manner. In 1874 he was appointed Professor to the Carlsruhe School of Art, and in the year following to a Professorship in the Berlin Imperial Academy, with Knaus and Von Werner as his colleagues. He claims to be a leading exponent of the naturalistic school, that is, to lead Art back to Nature, and to paint things truly as they appear. To our sountrymen the best known of Gussow's works is probably the picture called "Spectators," which was in the International Exhibition at South Kensington in 1874. It represents a group of persons at a barrier watching the departure of troops for the war.

"The Old Folks at Home," which forms the frontispiece to our 25th Volume, possesses that quality of simple pathos which comes home to everybody. Darby and Joan have just heard news of their son, who is settled maybe in America, and the old lady is retelling the welcome story to her life-long partner.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, begins on page 9, and will be continued weekly till completed.

MR. DARWIN'S HOUSE AT DOWN, KENT

FOUR miles uphill from Orpington, the nearest railway station, is the quaint old-world village called Down, and half-a-mile further on, and closely abutting on the road, is the house for forty years the home of the philosopher.

The house possesses neither pretensions to antiquity nor architectural beauty, having been added to by Mr. Darwin at odd times for convenience sake. Behind the house, with the lower windows opening directly upon it, is the charming garden, glorious with blossoming azalea when the sketch was made. A great mulberry tree, with its branches propped up, stands at one corner overshadowing the house.

Closely adjoining the garden is a small plantation, through which Mr. Darwin walked daily when the weather was fine.

The chief point of interest to the reverent admirer of the great man is the room in which he laboured. It is a big square room communicating with the garden. Two walls have shelves filled with books in every variety of binding, many of them bearing evidence of much use. Another bookcase is placed so as to form a sort of screen to keep off draughts, for Mr. Darwin, being always delicate in health, was very sensitive to cold. There are many silent evidences of that in the slawls, the warm cloak, and the great, comfortable, ungainly chair, with its high cushions, drawn up close to the fireplace.

The tables are littered with books and papers, flower-pots, glass shades, card boxes, and scientific apparatus. At one of the windows there is a low bench, with tools; here microscopical experiments were made. At another window two plants were growing, on which Mr. Darwin was working at the time of his death.

The only ornaments on the walls are a few photographs and engravings representing friends and fellow-scientists.

ROYAL VISIT TO WELLINGTON COLLEGE

THE Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, were present on June 16th, the annual "Speech Day," at Wellington College, when the Queen's Medal and other prizes were distributed. The speeches, instead of being delivered in the dining-hall, were this year given in the great schoolroom, which some of the boys had skilfully decorated with crimson cloth, with flowers, and with rows of shields emblazoned with coats of arms.

The Queen's Medal, which is given by Her Majesty annually for good conduct, was presented by the Princess of Wales to the winner, A. L. Harrison.

Then came the speeches and recitations, of which the Prince of Wales spoke highly, and then the Master, the Rev. E. C. Wickham, made a speech, in which he said that there were now in the College the full number of 400 boys, but that a new house would be ready in September which would accommodate thirty more.

The following brief details are taken from an official handbook. Wellington College stands on the Middle Bagshot Sands, Berkshire, in a country covered with pine-woods and heather, at a height of 280 feet above the sea level. The College estate consists of 423 acres. The foundation stone of the main building was laid by the Queen in 1856, and the building was opened by Her Majesty in 1859. The building is in the Louis Quinze style, of brick, with quoins of bright red brick and Bath stone alternately. The chief architectural feature is a bold projecting cornice, surmounted by a slate roof of high pitch, with a tower 120 feet high in each wing.

The Chapel, which was designed by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, was finished in 1863. The body of the building consists of six bays, terminated at the east end by an apsidal chancel. The effect of the red and coloured bricks, with stone facings, free from any plastering, is much admired. The windows are intended to receive the Arms of distinguished Governors of the College; the Brasses have been erected in memory of Masters and Boys. The canopied oak stalls were erected by the Governors as a memorial of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, the first President of the College.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING—XX.

"THE *Ceylon*," says our special artist, Mr. C. E. Frupp, "left Hong Kong on March 3rd, but, owing to rough weather, did not reach Nagasaki till the 10th. Here we coaled, and left the next day for Kobe, arriving there on the 14th. The sketch of the street in Kioto shows the outside of a Japanese theatre, and the usual crowd to be seen in a town. As spring was only just beginning, people still wore comparatively dull-coloured clothing, but the pictures outside were gaudy with colour, and the huge flags lent brilliancy to the scene. As a Japanese theatre is but dimly lighted

with coarse tallow dips, it becomes the duty of one of the staff to hold a light at the end of a bamboo to show more clearly the features of the declaiming actors. And, on account of this primitive method of illumination, the candle-snuffer becomes an important personage. Other sketches show a contortionist and a couple of acrobats. The latter are beyond the bamboo, though they look as if they had their feet on it. Next we see the Japanese warrior, as he was in ancient times and up to recent memory, contrasted with his modern prototypes, who are drilled and armed after the European fashion. The policeman also is clothed in European dress, and, in order to uphold the majesty of the law, carries a wooden truncheon the size of a broomstick."

SHARK-SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY

OUR sportsman in Mauritius determines to go after the large *requins* that abound in the harbour. He is told that if he sits on a buoy, displaying a foot, the sharks will come fast enough. No. 1 sketch shows that he does so, and the result of this experiment is the approach of the quarry. In No. 2, the too near acquaintance ends in a sharp repulse for the first pair of assailants. In No. 3, many having been touched up with the rifle, the remainder attack in succession, and an exciting struggle with a big one is depicted. So many sharks are ravening to bite, that their very numbers constitute the sportsman's safety, so that in No. 4, we behold him at sundown still perched triumphant in his old position having with the remainder of his ammunition scored a remarkable victory, whilst the relieving boat pushes its way through the slain floating on the tranquil sea. It is not reported that the champion tried it on again.—Our engravings are from sketches by Lieutenant-Colonel H. Robley, Sutherland and Argyll Highlanders, who also sent us the above description.

"WIDEAWAKES"

THIS is the name of a sea-bird which is found on the Island of Ascension. There are millions of them, and they are so tame, or so indifferent to the presence of human beings, that people can walk among them, and nothing will induce them to move away. They sit not a yard apart, and are busily engaged in hatching their eggs. The sight is very curious, and to those who have not seen it seems almost incredible.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. W. A. Lewis.



THE EGYPTIAN COMPLICATION continues to absorb public attention. During the week there has been a great accession of activity in the Government establishments at Woolwich, Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, and it is generally believed that the Army Reserve is about to be called out. The War Office on Monday issued orders to the Department at Woolwich Arsenal for twenty thousand arms and accoutrements, and the generals commanding the various garrisons are instructed to have everything in readiness for the immediate despatch of troops. The Government are even said to have been in communication with the Indian authorities as to the feasibility of despatching troops from India to Egypt in case of need. Egyptian securities have fallen during the past fortnight about 20 per cent. on the Stock Exchange. A vigorous protest was made by Mr. Frederic Harrison, at a crowded meeting of working men, at the Memorial Hall, on Monday evening against the armed intervention by England in Egypt, and a resolution to that effect was unanimously carried. He traced the origin of the present crisis to the maintenance of European control of Egyptian finances, by which the Egyptians were unjustly compelled to pay interest at usurious rates on their foreign loans.—At the important meeting to be held on Thursday at Willis's Rooms, Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote were expected to speak, and pressure was to be brought to bear upon the Government to adopt at once "those strong and vigorous measures to which they are already pledged."—At a Mansion House meeting on Wednesday it was stated that the Lord Mayor's Fund for the Refugees from Egypt amounted to 1,330*l*. Upwards of 6,000 refugees have arrived at Malta, more than 2,000 being destitute. Mr. Gladstone sent 50*l*. for the fund, for which contributions are urgently needed.

IRELAND.—The agricultural labourers of Ireland, finding that the farmers have gained so much of late by agitation, have resolved to improve their position by the same means. And their grievances are quite as burdensome as the farmers', if not more so. At Bruff a meeting was held on Sunday, attended by five thousand labourers, at which resolutions were unanimously adopted in favour of having half an acre of land, with a suitable dwelling, given to each labourer by every farmer holding thirty acres of land, the rent to be the same as that paid to the landlord, from whom the labourer should hold direct, and not from the farmer. A meeting for the same purpose was held at Longford on the same day by the labourers, who paraded the town with a band before the meeting. The speakers at the various meetings urged that, as the labourers stood by the farmers during the Land League movement, the farmers should now concede the privileges sought by the labourers. Petitions are being prepared to be forwarded to Parliament. The movement is not viewed by the farmers with any favour. It was pointed out by more than one speaker that though in one district two hundred farmers had received reduction of rent, and had been ordered to grant a small patch of land, with a suitable dwelling, for the labourers, not twenty of them had done so. Many labourers declared they preferred to deal direct with the landlords rather than with the farmers. Additional police were present at the meetings, but their services were not needed.—There has been a diminution in outrages this week, and, for the moment, affairs wear a more hopeful aspect.—The expenditure of the Ladies' Land League from week to week is largely in excess of receipts, and as the ladies seem now to be carrying on the general work of the League, this fact would point to a decided diminution in the interest taken in the League throughout Ireland.—On Wednesday evening the extreme section of the Irish members entertained Mr. Parnell at dinner at the Westminster Palace Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. Justin M'Carthy.

DARWIN MEMORIAL.—An influential committee has been formed for the purpose of subscribing a national memorial to the late Charles Darwin. A circular has been issued from the Royal Society, which says, "Though the works of Charles Darwin form his best and most enduring memorial, his many friends and admirers feel that these should not be his only monument." It is proposed to erect a statue and establish a fund associated with his name, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the furtherance of biological science. The President of the Royal Society, W. Spottiswoode, Esq., is chairman of the committee, which includes, among many distinguished names, H.R.H. Prince Leopold, several Ambassadors, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and many members of both Houses of Parliament.

MR. BRADLAUGH is determined that neither his constituents nor the public shall forget his existence. If he has been silent of late, it is not because his sense of unjust treatment at the hands of the Commons has abated one jot. On Monday evening he made one of his periodical speeches at Northampton, in which he again

expressed his determination to accept no compromise, and agree to no truce, until the contest in which he is engaged with the House of Commons has been brought to a successful issue. He threatens further litigation, and expresses his intention of carrying his case to the House of Lords. Whenever he thinks fit, he means to fight his way to his seat. Resolutions of confidence in him were enthusiastically carried.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.—The *Standard* says that, unless the Directors of the South Eastern Railway consent at once to allow the Channel works to be inspected, the Government will apply for an injunction to restrain operations at the works.—The Workmen's Committee, which has for its object the obtaining an expression of the opinion among the industrial classes on the desirability of the Channel Tunnel, have received a letter from Mr. Gladstone promising to make his colleagues conversant with their views. Meantime the experimental works at the Tunnel are making progress, the length of the heading now exceeding two thousand yards. The strictest secrecy is observed at the works, no one being admitted without the permission of Sir E. Watkin.

KILLED BY AN ELEPHANT.—A young man, named Charles Hodges, was on Sunday gored to death by an elephant belonging to Myers's Circus, at present at the Alexandra Palace. It is uncertain whether the elephant, which is blind, killed the man in rage or by accident, no one being present at the time. The prong of a large fork was found beside the man's body, and it is surmised that he may have irritated the animal, which heretofore has borne the character of being docile and good-tempered. At the inquest held on Wednesday on the body of the young man the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

THE CABDRIVERS' STRIKE.—The cabdrivers of London are bringing strong pressure to bear on their employers. A considerable number of locks-out are reported during the week in consequence of the refusal of the masters to reduce the hire of vehicles by two shillings per day. The drivers are acting well in concert, and in a perfectly sober and orderly manner. The Committee of the Cabdrivers' Society say they can manage any difficulty in all parts of the metropolis.

NATIONAL ART COMPETITION.—The annual exhibition of works submitted for this competition by the Schools of Art throughout the Kingdom opened on Thursday, in the Central Hall on the south of the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens, South Kensington. About 370 works are exhibited, selected from 214,183 works sent up from 182 Schools of Art.



THE week has seen a little variety introduced into the monotony of perpetual debate on the Crime Bill. But the interlude has been rather apparent than real. On Monday the time had come when it was absolutely necessary, in order to carry on the regular business of the nation, that a few hours should be given to Committee of Supply. As soon as the motion appeared on the paper, twenty-five members hastened to put down notices of amendment. These ranged over all possible subjects, and if debated at the average length now required for Parliamentary discussion would have served the House for the rest of the month. Holding a foremost place, but low down on the list, was a resolution of which Mr. Chaplin had given notice, and which was practically a vote of censure on the Government in respect of their as yet incomplete and not fully known policy in Egypt. On the previous Thursday night Mr. Chaplin had taken the course of moving the adjournment at question time, with the object of forcing a debate on Egypt. It was not, on the whole, very successful. The Conservative party declined to follow his lead, whilst the Liberals accompanied his speech by a running fire of laughter and cries for the division. When it was all over, so stout a Conservative and so unimpeachable an authority on Egyptian affairs as Sir George Elliot conclusively showed that Mr. Chaplin had not known very well what he was talking about. In the end, the hon. member, grateful for escape from a division in which he would probably have had a minority of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, saw his amendment negatived.

But his depression was only temporary. On the following night he put down the notice of amendment on going into Committee of Supply on Monday. An earlier notice, given some time ago by Mr. Bourke, and chiefly designed to hold a place on the paper, had precedence. When the time came, Mr. Bourke announced that he would not proceed with his motion. The question of what Mr. Chaplin would do was much debated. It was known that representations had been made to him, not only from the front bench, but on behalf of the more influential and responsible of the Conservative members, pointing out the inconvenience and general undesirability of the course threatened by him. Mr. Chaplin was wrath with what he regarded as his desertion by the party on Thursday. He might, and it seemed he would, resent all interference now, and move his adjournment. He was in the House early in the evening, and fluttered about during the earlier hours. But at the last moment, when the motion that the Speaker leave the chair was put for the third time, he was not present to offer a challenge, and the House accordingly went into Committee.

The earlier proceedings of the sitting had been a little lively. Mr. O'Donnell, declaring himself dissatisfied with an answer from Sir Charles Dilke, had moved the adjournment. Mr. O'Donnell had formally invited the Under Secretary to enter upon a consideration of the possible political advantage to be derived from the arrival of the combined squadron at Alexandria. This is a suggestion which seems against the primary rule of questions in the House, which for obvious reasons are not permitted to open up controversial matter, or to invite expressions of opinion. Sir Charles Dilke simply answered that he "would leave Mr. O'Donnell to form his own opinion on the subject." That certainly was a snub none the less painful because it was deserved. The present rules place the whole House at the mercy of any member, who can revenge himself either on Ministers or on the House generally by moving the adjournment. This Mr. O'Donnell did. The consequent procedure was, however, very tame. Mr. O'Donnell was so obviously in the wrong that no one rose to support him, and the amendment was promptly withdrawn.

Mr. MacIver's interposition led to a more lively scene. It is the habit of some light-hearted members below the gangway to egg on Mr. MacIver, with the object of getting some fun out of him. It is not a difficult matter to move him to take an irregular course, and a very short time after Mr. O'Donnell had been snuffed out, Mr. MacIver presented himself, and, amid cheers, groans, and laughter, moved the adjournment. For a quarter of an hour he wrestled with the House, trying to get in a word here and there, amid a sustained war. The Speaker, who did not quite see the joke, asked, when Mr. MacIver sat down, whether any one seconded the motion. There was a pause, and then, slowly rising, with lugubrious countenance, Mr. Newdegate presented himself. This was fun indeed—much better than the not unfamiliar spectacle of Mr. MacIver facing an angry House. It is Mr. Newdegate's comical fate that, whilst he is a pillar of order in the House, he should not unfrequently place himself in conflict with authority. As he stood now, looking out at the laughing and shouting crowd before him, the Speaker rose again, and, in eloquent tones of pained surprise,

said, "Does the hon. member for North Warwickshire second the motion?" If Mr. Newdegate had stood there accused of petty larceny, the tone assumed by the Speaker could not have been sterner, nor could Mr. Newdegate's manner have been more depressed had he been prepared to plead guilty to such a charge. With arms held straight down, head on one side, and most dolorous tone of voice, he answered, "I do, sir," whereat the laughter became uproarious and the hilarious cheering deafening.

Mr. Newdegate had risen with no other object than of entering his solemn protest against "this growing abuse of the forms of the House." Since if the notion had not been seconded it could not have been put, and no opportunity would have been afforded for offering further remarks, Mr. Newdegate, boldly seizing the situation, determined to second the motion for the adjournment in order that he might condemn it. But the Irish members were quick to see the peculiar position in which he had placed himself. Among the many powers beyond appeal which the rules of the House confer upon a private member is that of forcing a division. Supposing there be 500 members present, and 498 agree that the question may be settled without dividing, it is in the power of the odd two to claim a division. When the question was put that the House do adjourn there was a loud shout of "No!" and the Speaker declared the proposal negatived, and there the thing would have ended. But the Irish members, knowing what would follow, cried out that "The Ayes had it." Mr. Newdegate was in a terrible state. If this cry were persisted in a division would take place, and he, having seconded the motion, must needs act as co-teller with Mr. MacIver. But the joke was not carried so far, and after Mr. Newdegate had been thoroughly frightened the amendment was permitted to be negatived.

All this is more or less magnificent in the way of fun, but it is decidedly not business. It takes up time, causes irritation, and does not do much to increase the public respect for the House of Commons as a business assembly. It must have been thought that the Irish members would have been pleased to take rest on Monday, and let something else be talked of than the eternal sorrows of their country. This expectation was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Biggar brought forward his motion condemning Lord Kenmare in his relations with his tenants, and close up to midnight the old question of the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland was discussed. At midnight a score of members set themselves to take part in the farce of discussing the policy of naval administration, after which came a physical struggle on the question of voting some millions of public money. In the end the majority triumphed. But whether that is the way the English people like to see their business conducted in Parliament is another question. For the rest of the week the Crime Bill has reasserted its supremacy, and makes slow progress by the old, laborious process of talking all through the night, and forcing a division on a clause in the early hours of the morning.



MR. EDWIN BOOTH'S reappearance on the London stage has been signalled by no greater novelty than his resumption of the part of the Cardinal Minister in Lord Lytton's *Richelieu*, which he played here last season. It is, perhaps, the most highly-finished of his extensive gallery of stage portraits, and is unquestionably a fine performance, bringing out all the awful contrasts which the author has contrived with so much effect, and electrifying the house in the famous scene in which the Cardinal threatens his persecutors with the curse of Rome. Unfortunately, Mr. Booth has chosen a rather unfavourable time for his return, and audiences at the ADELPHI are rather scanty—as they are wont to be when warm weather sets in on the threshold of July.

The French performances at the GAIETY have also suffered somewhat from the same cause; but it was natural to expect some decline from the sort of fever occasioned by the brilliant engagement of Madame Bernhardt-Damala. Had M. Coquelin and his associates come first there can be no doubt that the attraction of their names and the variety of their repertory would have secured for them a large amount of patronage. But there is just now a manifest reaction; and M. Coquelin plays his fine part of Don Cesar in *Ruy Blas* to a house certainly not half full. A better attendance was observable on Wednesday, when MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's latest play, *Les Rantau*, of which we shall have to speak again, was represented for the first time.

The prospect is not very favourable for Madame Ristori's promised re-appearance. Undaunted by the disastrous result of her countryman Rossi's recent engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, Madame Ristori appears on Monday next in Lady Macbeth at DRURY LANE Theatre, a vast house, which can hardly be expected to make even a respectable show of visitors at this time of year, unless the entertainment were of some kind exceptionally attractive to the masses who are not fastidious about the state of the atmosphere. Madame Ristori, it is true, is to play in such English as she can command, and may therefore possibly be intelligible in the gallery; but the experiment is clearly not one that appeals to the multitude.

Mr. Toole's benefit, this afternoon and evening, is heralded by a programme of extraordinary variety. Mr. Santley will sing, Mr. Sims Reeves will both play and sing in the character of Tom Tug in *The Waterman*, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, and Madame Amadi also take part; and Mr. Toole will appear in a whole round of parts. These are really the only occasions which are altogether independent of the "skiey influences." To get into TOOLE'S Theatre to-day will assuredly not be an easy feat for those who have not secured places long in advance.

Madame Bernhardt-Damala returns to England about the middle of August, not to appear in London, but to enter upon an extensive round of provincial engagements.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

Mr. Hamilton Aidé has long been known as a favourite writer of drawing-room songs, and now collects some of his fugitive pieces into one volume, under the title "Songs without Music, Rhymes, and Recitations" (David Bogue). Amongst the first-named will be found such old friends as "The Skipper and his Boy" and "The Forsaken," as well as one pretty song, "Love, without Thee." The best of the recitations is "Lost and Found," which might be found effective at a penny reading.

There are considerable traces of the influence of Mr. William Morris in "The Human Inheritance, and Other Poems," by William Sharp (Elliot Stock), and the book contains much that is good with some that merits even higher praise. The author is at times a little uncertain in his metre, and, though the chief poem is intended to be in "riding rhyme," there are occasional lines in ballad measure which jar on the ear, whilst sometimes there is an exuberance of syllables. All the same, the piece is a good one, and has some striking passages, notably those beginning "As a red rose that in full bloom doth spread," and "They err who say" (at page 58). "The New Hope," so far as we can grasp the meaning, is a yearning after the fabled Nirwana; the "Transcripts" are quaint

and picturesque; but much the best thing in the volume is a capital piece called "The Tides of Venice."

Mr. Tupper, the well-known author of "Proverbial Philosophy," has just published a volume of dramatic pieces, entitled "Three Five-act Plays, and Twelve Dramatic Scenes" (W. H. Allen), and we do not think the production will enhance his reputation. The shortest pieces are intended for private performance, whilst of the more important, one, at least, "King Alfred," was played in the provinces many years ago, and must have been a very fair test of the patience of a Manchester audience. As a whole, the plays and scenes are written in fairly good blank verse, interspersed with prose passages which leave no particular impression on the mind. In the account of Raleigh's relations with Mistress Throckmorton, the author has doubtless thought it wise to adjust matters in accordance with modern ideas of propriety—but one may remark that Queen Elizabeth had in reality some ground for indignation. "Washington" calls for no special notice, and the same might also be said of the minor pieces, of which "The King and the Page" is, perhaps, about the best. Two episodes in Mr. Tupper's family history give him an opportunity for notes and for the embellishment of his cover with a coat of arms, but have no general interest; the other subjects are tolerably well-worn episodes in ancient and modern history, but the main drawback to the pieces is that they are inexpressibly dull, and wanting in dramatic fire. We notice that the author promises a "Remainder Volume of Verse," and shall be rather curious to see if it includes the continuation of Coleridge's "Christabel."

A very important volume of its kind is the clever anonymous poem entitled "Through Dark to Light" (Remington), because, apart from its lyric merits, which are considerable, it seems to show a reaction against the pseudo-sceptical school whose effusions have become as wearisome as they are morally objectionable. The book is practically divided into two sections, "Rain" and "Sunshine," the former embodying the laments of a thoughtful man during a period of spiritual depression, the latter the healthy reaction; both sections written in flowing metre, and interspersed with songs as ingenious as they are unusual. From amongst these we may particularly select "The Riddle of Life," "Je mourrai Seul," and the fine passage beginning "Yea, death is the lord of life;" but the gem of the volume is that noble poem, "The Christ-Picture." This deserves to live, even if all the rest be forgotten, and the book, as a whole, may be recommended to all lovers of true poetry.

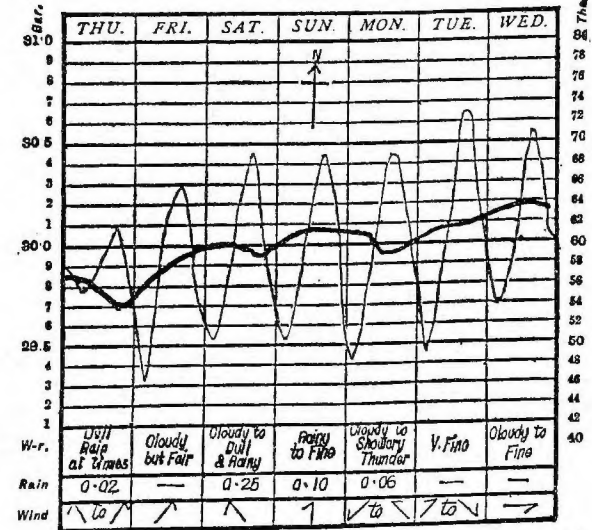
A little pamphlet reaches us from Melbourne (A. H. Massina) called "Two Stories; a Fragmentary Poem," by J. Farrell, and, although intended for private circulation, is vastly more worthy of praise than many more pretentious efforts. The author has evidently a vivid and picturesque imagination, as shown in the description of the Diamond Cave, with its noisome guardians, and manages the metre of "Locksley Hall" well; his octosyllabics are not so happy. One might object to the term "laved" as applied to the action of a breath on the human face, but on the whole Mr. Farrell gives us much to praise and little to blame.

"Prizes and Proximes for Prose and Verse Translations" (John Walker) is an interesting volume issued by the editor of the *Journal of Education*, in the columns of which they first appeared under circumstances explained in the preface. The contents are naturally of unequal merit; amongst the best are the versions of Müller's "Schönster Tod," of Uhland's "Sterbenden Helden," and of Heine's ghastly ballad at page 60. Of the original pieces the most striking is "Chalse a Killey," by the author of "Betsy Lee."

There is some careful workmanship in "Poems, Lyrics, and Sonnets," by L. S. Bevington (Elliot Stock), with occasional flashes of power, as in a weird piece, "The Valley of Remorse;" but the verse has a tendency to become too recondite in meaning for the requirements of ordinary intelligences, and we cannot profess to much enthusiasm about the book.

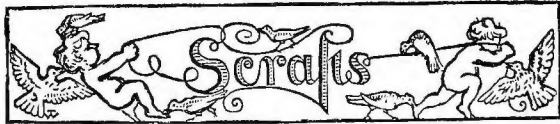
The author of "Monaco Puzzo's Rhymes" (David Bogue), holds out a strong inducement in his prefatory lines for the repeated perusal of his volume; whether the promise will be generally fulfilled may be matter of opinion—for our own part we have not derived much enjoyment from the verses. The opening piece embodies a discussion as to the respective merits of North and South in fair satiric verse, and leaves the question very much where it was. There are several of the attempts now so fashionable with a certain clique to imitate the antique French measures, but they have little intrinsic worth; perhaps the best, because the most spontaneous, thing in the book is a little piece call "Waterdrops," this really shows some fancy. The remaining pieces call for no particular notice.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM JUNE 22 TO JUNE 28 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Although by the curve given above no great or sudden oscillations are shown in the barometer, the past week has witnessed the approach of a number of small shallow depressions, which have been of sufficient importance to keep the weather in a very unsettled state, and their progress has been very slow, advanced over us from the southward, and their progress has been very slow. Perhaps the most noteworthy was that of Monday (26th ult.), which caused a very gloomy sky and frequent thunder, with, however, little lightning. Next to this in importance came the disturbance of Saturday evening (24th ult.), which this in importance came the disturbance of Saturday evening (24th ult.), which occasioned some hours' heavy rain. At the close of the week the barometer was rising over France and our southern districts, and conditions seemed to wear a more favourable aspect, but even then the weather could scarcely be considered settled. Temperature has remained rather low for the time of year, the highest reading, on Thursday last (22nd ult.) being by no means as high as is usual for the season. On Thursday last (22nd ult.) the thermometer did not rise above 62° all day. The barometer was highest 30.19 inches on Wednesday (28th ult.); lowest (29.71) on Tuesday (27th ult.); range, 0.48 inches. Temperature lowest (59.7) on Tuesday (27th ult.); lowest (47°) on Friday (23rd ult.); was highest (73°) on Tuesday (27th ult.); range, 0.43 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.25 inches, on Saturday (24th ult.).



MR. RÉNAN IS WRITING A NEW BOOK—"The History of Israel before the Birth of Christ."

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM KEPT ITS TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY last week, having been opened on June 22, 1857. During this quarter of a century the Museum has been visited by 21,077,654 persons, of whom 6,401,499 came after 6 P.M.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S HOME is to be preserved intact for posterity by the Longfellow Memorial Association, which has been formed at Cambridge, in Massachusetts. The Association intends to buy up part of the poet's grounds, in order to erect a suitable memorial, and to keep the property for public use, while arrangements will be made with the Longfellow family to buy the house as soon as they wish to part with it.

THE PARIS SALON has been unusually successful this year, from a financial point of view. During its seven weeks' existence the Exhibition was visited by 564,933 persons—51,323 more than last year—while the receipts reached 15,450*l.*, leaving a clear profit of over 8,000*l.* As last year's Salon was also fairly productive, the funds of the new Association of French Artists are highly flourishing. The Association are now anxious to get a Palace of Fine Arts of their own, instead of being indebted to Government hospitality, and have accordingly petitioned the State to permit a lottery for this purpose. How heartily the poorer classes of Parisians appreciate Art may be judged from the number of visitors on the two free days—Thursdays and Sundays—when 295,000 persons were admitted. On one Sunday alone 42,300 people passed *gratis* through the Palais de l'Industrie.

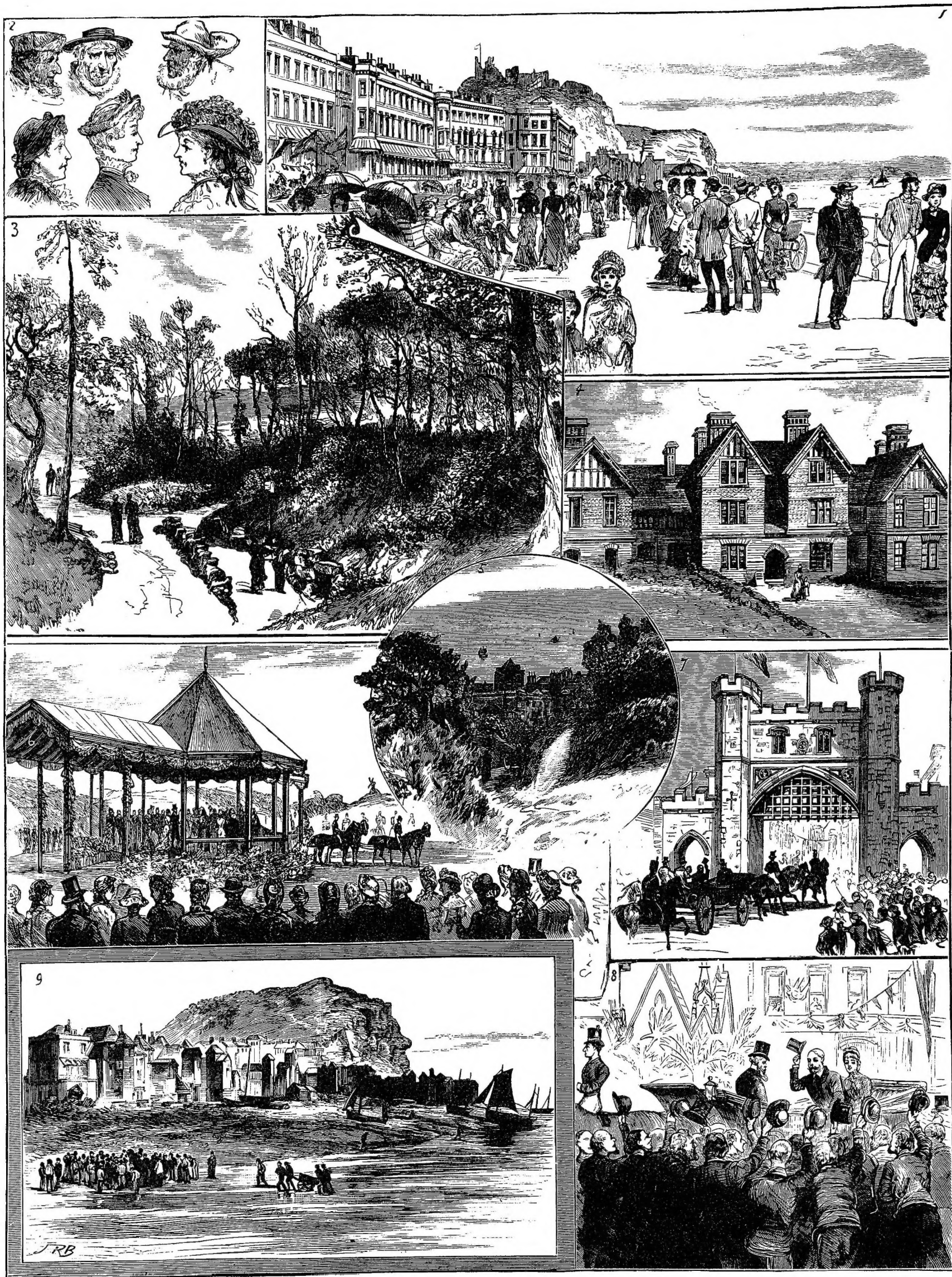
THE "EIRA" SEARCH EXPEDITION FOR MR. LEIGH SMITH have fairly started on their way to Booth, having discharged their pilot off Cromer on Saturday morning. The *Hope* carries a staff of thirty-six men under Sir Allen Young, is well strengthened and equipped for ice service, and is provisioned for two years, besides carrying a year's supplies for Mr. Smith's party in case of need. Although thus prepared for emergencies, the expedition are instructed to avoid at all hazards being caught by the ice, their object being solely to obtain news of or to assist the missing *Eira*. Thus they will first go to Nova Zembla to establish a provision depot, and thence will cruise along the edge of the ice; pressing on to Franz-Josef Land if the season prove favourable. Later in the year, if no trace of the *Eira* is met with, they will keep to the south of the ice until all chance of meeting with Mr. Smith is past, and will not attempt to push farther north.

MR. HAWES'S GARIBALDI AND MAZZINI LOAN COLLECTION, on view in the Vestry of St. James's, Westmoreland Street, has proved so attractive that it has been kept open all this week. Talking of artistic loans, an interesting collection of pictures, miniatures, and *bric-à-brac* has been shown this week at Crescent House, Fulham Road, on behalf of the Working Ladies' Guild, members of this Society also contributing specimens of their Art embroidery, and work executed by distressed Irish ladies. Numerous Art and Industrial Exhibitions are being opened, both in London and the provinces, for the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs inaugurated on Wednesday the Exhibition of the City of London Artists, at Skinner's Hall. A miscellaneous collection of Art antiquities and flowers will be shown next Thursday at Winchester, for a charity, while Worcester opens an Art and Industrial display on the 18th inst. North Wales also proposes to hold a similar exhibition at Wrexham in October.

THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE, which is shortly to be conferred on President Grévy, never gives to the fresh knights new insignia, but decorates them with the old Orders worn by one of their predecessors, no new specimens of the decoration being made nowadays. Accordingly Spain regards these insignia as precious relics, and on their presentation to the new knight he finds the name of the former owners engraved on the links of the collar, and receives a written history of their genealogy, while in his turn he is obliged to sign a document binding his heirs to restore the Order after his death. Prince Frederick Charles of Germany possesses one of the most interesting decorations of the Order—that bestowed by Philip II. upon the notorious Duke of Alva. German princes, by-the-bye, are renowned for their numerous decorations, but it would seem that the Orders entail some drawbacks. Thus, when one Hohenzollern Prince wears all his Orders, he carries on his breast ten pounds of gold alone.

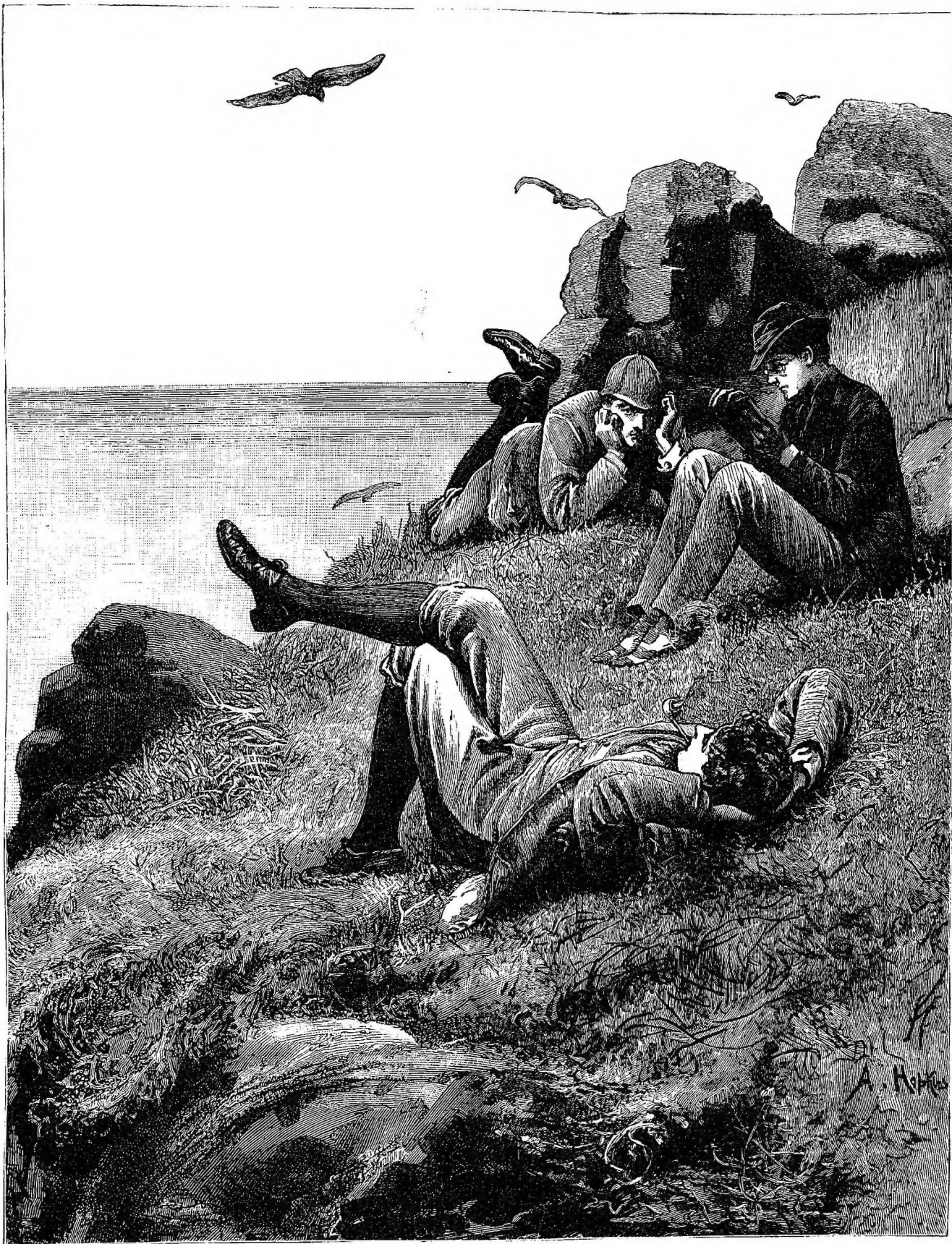
LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,387 deaths were registered against 1,335 during the previous seven days, a rise of 52, being 31 below the average, and at the rate of 18.6 per 1,000. These deaths included 9 from small-pox (a fall of 6), 62 from measles (a rise of 30), 36 from scarlet fever (an increase of 6), 19 from diphtheria (a fall of 1), 85 from whooping-cough (a rise of 3), 1 from typhus fever, 7 from enteric fever (a fall of 3), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 32 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 10), and 2 from cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 198 (a decline of 2, and 23 below the average), of which 108 were attributed to bronchitis, and 48 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 49 deaths, 40 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,391 births registered against 2,493 during the previous week, being 144 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 57.3 deg., and 3.5 deg. below the average.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY has bought six valuable Italian pictures from the Hamilton Collection, in addition to the Flemish work mentioned last week. The most valuable is Botticelli's "Assumption of the Virgin," which was obtained for 4,777*l.*, after a warm contest with the representative of the Paris Louvre, who was so eager to obtain the prize that he considerably exceeded the sum he was instructed to offer. This "Assumption" was painted for San Pietro Maggiore, Florence, and represents the Apostles surrounding the tomb of the Virgin, with the donor Palmieri and his wife. Above is the coronation of the Virgin, and below this are three circles of prophets, patriarchs, martyrs, &c., in the heavens, views of Florence and Pistoria forming the background. Another Botticelli is a small "Adoration of the Magi," formerly in the Beckett Collection, and which is painted in tempera on panel. In beautiful preservation, the work is remarkable for its minute detail and finish. It was bought for 1,627*l.* 10*s.* The large Tintoretto, "Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet," was obtained for only 157*l.* 10*s.*, owing to its dirty condition, which prevented its general appreciation. Notwithstanding the dirt, however, this work, with its fine life-sized figures, is said to be the most important example of the Venetian School bought by the National Collection since Paul Veronese's "Darius and his Family." Two important acquisitions were Andrea Mantegna's "Summer and Autumn," a panel painting depicting one classical female figure, with the attributes of Ceres, and holding a corn sieve, and a second standing drinking wine under an olive tree, which brought 1,785*l.*, and Giorgione's "Story of Myrrha," which was bought for the low price of 1,417*l.* 10*s.*, many having refused to bid higher owing to the general desire for the nation to possess so fine a work. A "Portrait of a Gentleman," attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, for 525*l.*, was the last purchase for the State, while the Dublin National Gallery bought a "Madonna and Child," attributed to Francia.



1. On the Parade.—2. Some Hats and Heads.—3. The Chalybeate Well in the New Alexandra Park.—4. The Convalescent Home.—5. A Roadside Peep.—6. The Opening Ceremony in the Park.—7. Arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Railway Station: Passing Under the Triumphal Arch.—8. The Reception by the Fishermen.—9. The Morning Fish-Market on the Beach.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO HASTINGS



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

The three young men were reclining on the Castle slopes.

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER I.

BENEATH THE CASTLE WALLS

BETWEEN the River Trenna and the sea lies (not stands) Trenarvon Castle, built by the Cornish Constantine (as the last King of Britain of that line was called) more than fifteen hundred years ago.

Many a vanished year and age,
And tempest's breath and battle's rage,

tried its strength in vain; and, though compelled to yield, in that unequal combat in which stone walls no less than man must at last succumb, it still in a manner keeps the field. The ancient keep is but "a heap of fragments of an earlier world;" the later drawbridge has disappeared; the very fosse has lost its depth and shape, and become a wilderness of wood and wildflower; but the stubborn pile possesses still some of its ancient features, which to the antiquarian eye at least are recognisable. It was a fortress yet, and garrisoned by an undisciplined but loyal band, held out with pike and culverin for the King in the Civil War, wherein it lost all but honour. It was levelled (with much more) by the Puritans, since which no banner has waved from its rocky steep, no watchword echoed from its ruined walls.

But, though its greatness has departed, its beauty remains. Unlike its once proud masters, Decay, though it has destroyed, has not corrupted it; nay, has enhanced its majesty, if not its beauty. The few grey hairs that palsy stir upon the head of Eld, and which

in man we pitifully call his "glory," the trembling limbs that hardly serve to bear him to the wished-for grave, have here no parallel. The lichen and grey moss efface the ravages that Time has wrought upon the crumbling pile; the ivy binds its broken ruins together, and hides its scars, or crowns them with eternal green; and in every cleft and crevice through the summer long, the wild rose and the wall-flower swing their incense over this shrine of Time, and fill the air with sweetness.

It is summer now, and there is scarce a breath of wind to bend the bluebells, or sway the feathery ferns that nestle in the undergrowth that clothes Penarvon Hill. There is not a sound save the plaintive cry of the seagull, as it slides through the cloudless blue, and the low mysterious speech of ocean, heard by the Cornish Constantine, but untranslated still.

Amid such scenes, and in such silence, man himself is wont to speak but little, and in a low key; Nature, with her finger on her lip, impresses him with a certain awe of her; at all events the three young men whom I see in my mind's eye to-day, reclining on the Castle slopes, converse only in hushed tones, and at intervals. The eldest of them (he is but two-and-twenty) is Christopher Garston, commonly called Kit "for love and euphony;" a tall and well-made young fellow, with bright black eyes, and a smile so pleasant that few men, and no woman, could, one would think, easily withstand it, though a physiognomist might pronounce it "too eager."

The otherwise great intelligence of his expression is curiously

interfered with by a certain look of pleasurable expectation (like that of a popular actor who is awaiting "bravos"), and if a phrenologist should examine his head he would probably pronounce the "love of approbation" to be too strongly marked; but this by no means interferes with his good looks. He is smoking a cigar, but even the soothing influence of tobacco has no power to still the restlessness that is habitual to him. His eyes rove over land and sea, or fix themselves on his two companions for a minute or two, and then away again, and his thoughts are wandering further still.

In this respect he is a great contrast to Frank Meade, his senior by a year or two, who lies prone beside him with his eyes fixed on the sky. His frame is gigantic, he seems born for force and action; but not a muscle of him stirs. The smoke ascends from his huge meerschaum, so that there must needs be breath in him, but otherwise he lies with his eyes closed, and quite motionless, like a dead Hercules. His wideawake has fallen off, and the sun plays on his bronzed face (which is, however, by no means so dark as Kit's), showing certain deep lines on his forehead very unusual in a face so young and comely. His nature is far from morose, but when he reflects he frowns, and he is much given to reflection.

The third of this little company (and the hinge on which it turns) has little in common with them as to appearance. Although junior by a year or so to the youngest of his two friends, and of that blonde and delicate complexion which is youth's own wear, Mark Medway looks an older man than either of them. His height is less, and he

is more slightly built, so that this look of comparative maturity dwells in his face alone, which is singularly grave and quiet; his blue eyes are half shut, not from indolence, but because he is near-sighted, and he is reading a book of ancient date and indifferent type.

It is said that an excellent test of friendship is the non-necessity for making conversation; that when Tom and Bob sit over the fire without a word, and neither feels called upon to speak, they are as Damon and Pythias; on the other hand the case is not unknown where this divine dumbness arises from neither party having anything to say. In the present instance, however, the proverb holds good; the three young men are quite at home in each other's society, though Frank and Kit, perhaps, are rather Damons to Mark's Pythias, than Damon and Pythias to one another.

Presently, Mark, who is leaning against a mossy stone, drops his book upon his knee, and bringing his spectacles down from his forehead into their proper place, looks round about him, and with a sigh half tender and half comical, remarks, "Poor Faust, poor Faust!"

"What is the matter with him?" murmurs the giant.

"My trusty and well-beloved friend," quotes Medway (who has a marvellous memory) "the cause why I have invited you to this place is this; forasmuch as you have known me these many years what manner of life I have lived; practising all manner of conjuration—"

"I say," exclaims Meade, opening his large grey eyes to the utmost, "we are not going to stand this, Kit. Why, this is Mark's own autobiography, which he is inflicting upon us under pretence of improving our minds; for what is all his old-world knowledge, his antiquarianism, his archaeology, but a sort of black art?"

"But the book says 'conjuration,'" puts in Kit with gravity, "and Heaven knows our dear Mark is no conjuror."

"When you have exhausted yourselves in base comparisons," replies the object of these gibes (who has his Shakespeare, among the "old-world" authors, at his fingers' ends) "I will read you some more of it. It will be better for Kit (Kit is a budding lawyer) than weaving cobwebs for innocent flies, and for Frank (Frank assists his father, the doctor, and is training for the paternal profession) than reminiscences from which conscience never permits him to escape, of the victims of vivisection."

"What a flow of words! How fearfully eloquent he is!" exclaims Meade, with affected admiration.

"The very observation," observed Kit, "which was made with respect to Quilp—by Brass—when conversing about my namesake. Really, Mark, I wouldn't stand it."

"I don't care two pins for either of you," returns the student, beaming through his spectacles at both with affectionate good nature; "I am only thinking of poor Faust. 'Now to the end (he says to his sorrowing students) that I might bring my purpose to pass to have the Devil's aid and furtherance, which I have yet wanted in my actions, I have promised unto him at the end and accomplishment of twenty-four years both body and soul, to do therewith his pleasure. This dismal day these twenty-four years are fully expired; and out of all doubt this night he will fetch me to whom I have given myself in recompense for his service, body and soul, by writing in my proper blood. So, well-beloved friends and brethren, before that fatal hour I take my farewell, beseeching you if ever I have trespassed against your mind in anything, that you will heartily forgive me. And let this my lamentable end—'"

"Stop, stop," cried Christopher Garston, rising to his feet and pacing the green sward in nervous irritation; "I can't stand that."

The supine giant opened his mouth in wonder, while his pipe dropped out of it unnoticed upon the grass. Mark settled his spectacles upon his nose, and gazed upon his excited friend in mild surprise.

"I am sorry to make such a fool of myself," observed Kit presently; "but my nervous centres, as Meade would say, are disorganised—in plain English, I am all to pieces. The history of Dr. Faustus is one of your best, as I know it is one of your newest books, my dear Mark; but you are not selecting the most cheerful passages from it. Read us about his familiar spirits whose appearance is so charmingly described, though they afterwards become, poor fellows, so much more familiar than welcome."

"Very good," returned Medway, reopening the volume, and (as only your student can) at once finding the proper place. "First entered Belial in the form of a bear, with curled black hair to the ground; his ears standing upright; within they were as red as blood, and out of them hissed flames of fire; his teeth were at least a foot long and as white as snow, with a tail three ells long, having two wings, one behind each arm."

"There's word-painting for you," shouted Kit, excitedly. "Beautiful!"

"Lucifer himself," resumed the reader, "sat in the manner of a man, all hairy, but of brown colour like a squirrel, and his tail turning upwards on his back as the squirrel's used. I think he could crack nuts, too, like a squirrel."

"There's no doubt of it," exclaimed Garston admiringly. "A most accomplished creature. Pray go on."

"After him came Beelzebub, in curled hair of a horse-flesh colour; his head like the head of a bull, with a mighty pair of horns; two long ears down to the ground—"

"A pretty touch," interrupted Kit; "the rabbit!"

"Hush, hush; let me complete the portrait," remonstrated Mark. "Out of his wings issued flames of fire, and his tail was like a cow's."

"If all that was on his passport one would know him almost anywhere," mused Kit; while the huge Meade shook with violent laughter.

Mark held up his hands for silence and attention.

"Then came Astoroth, in the form of a worm, going upright on his tail, and had no feet, but a tail like a glow-worm; under his chaps grew two short hands—"

"That's a stroke of genius," interposed Kit; "but it annoys our friend here as being a practical anatomist."

"I really can't stand it," cried Meade, spluttering with laughter. "It is the unctious with which Mark reads that destroys me. One would think that it was his own composition."

"I wish it was," observed the student with simplicity. "What modern writer could compass such variety in personal description! Think of Cannogasta, white and grey mixed, exceedingly curled and hairy; or Anobis, with one foot under his throat and the other at his tail; 'pleasant beast,' as the old chronicler calls him—"

"Enough, enough," roared the giant, waking the echoes with inextinguishable mirth, while Kit laughed with him fitfully, more, as it seemed, at the other's enjoyment than from any tendency to laughter on his own account; a circumstance not without significance to one who knew them, for Meade was a man not easily moved to mirth, while Garston's high spirits were proverbial.

Mark Medway watched them both without the relaxation of a muscle. "You seem to me," he plaintively remarked, "to miss the beauties of our author altogether, and only to note what appears to you ridiculous. The whole narrative, when viewed in the proper spirit, is most sorrowful and pathetic. The reflection concerning how Faust forgot his soul, and also thought—the word *also* is to my mind admirable—that the Devil is not so black as he is painted, nor Hades so hot as people say, might have been written yesterday; and then his lamentable end! But if you don't like it, my dear Kit, why then, of course, we will have no more of it."

"Well, to say truth, I don't," said Garston frankly; "and since we are quite alone, and I know the thing will go no further, I will tell you why. The fact is, my friends, the story of Dr. Faust is a little too personal."

"Personal!" gasped Medway.

Meade said nothing, but, raising himself on his arm, regarded the speaker with surprise not unmingled with suspicion.

"Yes, I know Meade won't believe it," continued Kit with peevish gravity. "He thinks I am no better than a *farceur*, I know; but it is nevertheless true that when I was a boy of fourteen—full of imagination and very reckless—I took a leaf out of the Doctor's book, and sold myself to the Devil."

CHAPTER II.

A CONFIDENCE

THE effect produced by Christopher Garston's startling confession upon his companions was as considerable as any *raconteur* has a right to expect from a familiar audience; yet its nature in the two cases was very different. Medway let his book fall, and regarded the speaker with a look of tender concern which, under the circumstances, would have been ridiculous but for the affection that manifestly evoked it. Meade, on the other hand, wore an expression that was grave to austerity; it was not that he was shocked at Garston's statement, but that he did not believe it, and while averse to falsehood in material affairs, he had the very strongest objection to be humbugged in those in which he felt a far nearer and graver interest, namely, matters of psychological inquiry. "I give you my word of honour," said Garston, solemnly, who read the other's incredulity in his face as plainly as though "That is false!" had been written there, "that I am telling you the simple truth. It was that very book yonder which I had taken to school from the library at the Knoll that put it into my head, no doubt. At page 16 you will find the directions for use, in case you wish to make the same bargain with the gentleman whom Faust rather uncivilly (considering that at that time he knew nothing about him) calls 'the hellish prince of the Orient.'"

"You were not, however, personally introduced to him?" observed Meade, drily.

"Well, no," admitted Kit, "though really I sometimes used to think that he had assumed the appearance of the usher. You recollect Brabazon, Medway?"

Mark signified by a gesture of disgust that he remembered him only too well.

"Does he not remind you of the description of Brachus (omitted from your late catalogue of familiars) 'with very short legs like a hedgehog, the upper side of his body yellow (think of his waistcoats!) and the lower (think of his trousers!) of various hues?'"

"But you didn't make the agreement you speak of, my dear Garston, with Brabazon, did you?" inquired Meade; "you wander from the point," as the cook said to the eel when she was skinning him alive."

For an instant Garston's pleasant face looked anything but attractive; his bright black eyes flashed fire, and his thin lips quivered with rage. The metaphor of the eel had a personal application to him which he who uttered it had been far from intending. Though a very clever fellow in many ways, Christopher had weaknesses; and one of them was the desire of display. He was by nature diplomatic, and even calculating; by no means a man given to neglect his own interests in any way; but he could seldom resist the temptation of producing a sensation. His late extraordinary avowal (a perfectly truthful one) had been wrung from him in a moment of nervous excitement, but the instant it had passed his lips he regretted it. The only thing to be done (as it immediately occurred to him), was to treat it with levity, and an indifference which certainly was not wholly genuine.

"No. I made no agreement with Brabazon," he returned with a careless smile; "he was a man (as Medway will tell you) of whom the phrase 'His word was as good as his bond' could have been applied in anything but a complimentary sense—they were both utterly worthless. I drew the deed myself upon the lines indicated by the worthy Doctor, only being very young, and time looking like eternity to me (as indeed it must have done to Faustus himself) I made the lease a short one. 'At the end of ten years next ensuing, provided I enjoy them as I wish, and hereupon being in perfect memory, &c., &c.,' and after due invocation of all the 'infernal, middle, and supreme powers,' I signed it, trusting to the Prince of Orient to perform his own part of the transaction at his leisure."

"But you ought to have signed it in red ink," suggested Meade; "otherwise it was null and void."

"And a good thing, too," put in Mark, speaking for the first time; "to my mind the whole proceeding, however ridiculous, sounds very uncanny."

"I pricked my finger and signed it with my blood, according to precedent," observed Garston calmly.

"By Jove! that was thorough, at all events," remarked Meade with rising interest. "The whole affair, though of course but a boyish fancy, is really curious. It was not done, as I gather, for a mere lark, or out of audacity."

"No, it was not," said Garston, looking straight before him as a man does who is thinking of the past; and also perhaps because he did not wish to meet his companions' eyes.

"Do you remember your motive at the time?"

"I remember I had one."

There was a pause during which the distant wave sighed twice or thrice.

"And the precious document?" inquired Meade; "did you destroy it, or is it in one of those tin boxes at Mogadion along with all the other deeds and assignments?"

"I destroyed it."

"I am glad you did," ejaculated Medway, in a tone of great relief.

"Well, yes," admitted Christopher smiling; "it would not be a pleasant thing for one's executor to light upon after one's death. Gad! how it would astonish some people—old Penryn, for example."

"The good Rector would be startled, no doubt," said Medway, once more giving way to mirth; "but after a while he would begin to philosophise about it. 'Now here was a young lawyer,' he would say (meaning you, Kit), 'who devoted himself from his very boyhood to his profession.' By-the-bye, Garston, considering you have plenty of prudence, it seems to me that ten years was but a short tether to give yourself. Why at twenty-four all would be over with you."

"Just so. I admit my folly. Still my fault was a professional one: I was a victim to precedent."

"What strange things come into boys' minds," mused Meade, proceeding to light his neglected pipe.

While thus engaged there flashed over his head a glance of keen significance between Kit and Mark. "That theory of the boy being father to the man," continued Meade philosophically, "seems to me quite untenable. They are a race altogether *sui generis*."

"Let us hope so," exclaimed Kit fervently.

"Just so; it would be really frightful if the natures of some boys I have known should have developed as they promised to do. At the period of adolescence, or thereabouts, I believe a change for the better takes place in them. That devilish desire for inflicting pain, for pain's sake, for example, seems to disappear. Otherwise half one's schoolfellows, like Tom Hood's 'Blythe Carew,' would certainly be hung. Indeed, with such propensities as many exhibit, it is strange how very few ever come to utter grief or public shame."

"It would pain me very much," observed Medway, "if anything of that kind should ever happen to one of old Ludlow's boys."

"Then let us hope it won't," said Meade, good naturedly;

"though, for my part, I don't hold myself in any way responsible for some of my young friends at Christ's Hospital."

"Ah, we were country bred, and by comparison innocent," observed Kit. "Mark yonder, for example, was pretty much the same at school as he is now, a book-worm at twelve, and in spectacles. Indeed, properly speaking, Mark never was a boy."

"I should never have been a man had it not been for you, Kit," said Medway, gently.

This remark had reference to a certain occasion years ago in which Garston had saved Medway's life.

Kit laughed—it was his answer to most appeals of a serious kind—and threw a stone at a passing gull. Meade frowned without knowing it; he was rather jealous, though he never admitted it, even to himself, of Mark's affection for Kit.

"I think the ladies will be expecting us," he said, and rose to his feet with something like a yawn. "The tide is falling fast, and if we are going down the river we ought to start."

"The arrangement was to depend on how long my mother's visitors chose to stay," observed Medway. "If the siege was raised Maud promised to hoist the flag."

"Then I'll go up to the castle and make a reconnaissance," said Meade. He moved away, towering above the brushwood, was lost in the tangled fosse, and presently reappeared in the distance, springing from stone to stone up the mossy steep.

"What a strange tale you have been telling us, Kit," said Medway, in a low voice.

"It was true."

"No doubt. My wonder is that you never spoke of it before—that is, to me."

"Well, you must allow I keep very few secrets from you, old fellow," returned the other gently. "The fact is I thought it would shock you."

"Then why have you told it now?"

"Ah, ask that fool of a gull yonder—there, I've missed him again by jingo—why he came twice within stoneshot. I don't know. An uncontrollable impulse, as the young gentleman pleaded the other day who cut his grandmother's throat; in my case it is only my own throat that suffers."

"Nay, it's not so bad as that; but I think it was an indiscretion to tell the story before Frank. He is the best fellow in the world—almost—but he doesn't know you so well as I do."

"If one is always to hold one's tongue for fear of being misunderstood by some common-place person or other, one might just as well become a Trappist, and confine oneself to nodding and winking."

"My dear Kit," returned Mark gravely; "you know as well as I do that Frank is anything but a common-place person—I wish I had half his wits, not to mention his goodness. That man's life, you will see, will be devoted to the service of his fellow creatures."

"Let us hope it won't be sacrificed to them—early," returned the other demurely, and in a sanctimonious tone.

"Don't, Kit. I could almost say I don't like you when you talk like that."

"If you did you wouldn't mean it," was the quiet rejoinder.

"That's true. I have no friend like you, Kit. When you are away at college I feel as if half myself were missing. However, there will be only one more year of it, and then you will be settled at Mogadion, quite close to us all."

Kit laughed, but not so lightly as was his wont.

"You remind me of that beautiful poem by Mrs. Browning we used to read together; your views of life, Mark, are as simple as those of the child she sings about:

Love and nearness seeming one,
By the heart-light cast before;
And of all beloveds none
Standing further than the door.

If you could have your way we should all live together all our lives, with no greater distance between us than lies between the Knoll and Mogadion, and after death be buried in the same churchyard."

"And why not?"

"Why not? My dear Mark, how can you ask such a question? Leaving myself out of the question, do you think it probable that a man like Frank Meade will be content to vegetate in an old country town, which the very sea is leaving as though in contempt for its apathy and dulness?"

"Perhaps not; I don't like to think of Frank's leaving us; but I understand that such a misfortune is possible. But in your case, with a sister as well as a father to keep you at home, you surely do not contemplate deserting us?"

"My sister is dear to me—very dear—as you know Mark, though she has not a stronger hold on me than you have," returned Kit, thoughtfully, with eyes fixed on the sea. "And yet sometimes I feel an instinct, almost impossible to resist, to leave this Sleepy Hollow and plunge into the battle of life, like the boy in the poem who sees the lights of London in the distance, and whose

Spirit throbs within me, longs to be before him then
Underneath the light he looks at, in amongst the throngs of men.

No, Mark; our roads in life, believe me, cannot run long together, side by side, as now."

"They will never be cross-roads, at all events," said Medway, tenderly.

"Cross-roads?" repeated the other, with energy. "Heaven forbid. Why you and I have known each other all our lives, and I cannot call to mind a single quarrel. The tide of friendship has been always on the flow with us, yet without a ripple."

"Always," echoed Mark, with emotion; "always. It is because you are so dear to me, Kit, that I would have others hold you dear. The regard of a man like Meade is worth your winning, and yet so far from taking any pains to do so—"

"My dear Mark," interrupted Kit, with a quick flush, "you are an excellent authority on everything that occurred before the Christian era, but on every-day matters you are fallible. The famous lines in connection with Dr. Fell are too modern, I fear, to be familiar with you; but they give the reason, or rather the no reason of affinity and antagonism to a nicety. The lady who kissed her cow is the very type and personification of friendship which goes by favour—'natural selection' only. That is why, Mark,"—and here he turned his smiling face to his companion,—"you have such a regard for me. I am not such a born fool as to suppose it is the reward of merit."

It was curious to see how Mark's pained and troubled look gave way and disappeared before the other's smile, like clouds in sunshine.

"I wish, nevertheless, Kit," he said, with mild persistence, "that you had not told that Faust story of yours before Frank Meade."

"And so do I—there, I admit it. It is only with you that I should wear my heart upon my sleeve."

"Meade is no daw to peck at it," observed Mark, reprovingly; "and he is a man of honour."

"Doubtless; but he is not my friend as you are, nor ever will be. By-the-by, when I was so unfortunately frank just now, did not my confession remind you of an old compact made between two other high contracting powers—indeed, I saw it did."

"Yes. That also was an act of boyish folly; and audacious, though I hope it had nothing of profanity."

"The agreement stands, Mark, nevertheless," said Garston, with a strange smile; "I hold you to your promise."

"As you please, dear friend," answered the other, gravely; "but the performance may be beyond your powers and mine."

"It may and it may not."

A solemn silence fell on both of them, till from the summit of the hill there came a cheerful shout of "Mark! Mark!" like the warning cry from sportsmen in September. They looked up, and saw Meade beckoning with his huge arms.

"What a size the fellow is," muttered Garston. "He looks like the Spectre of the Brocken."
 "The flag is flying from the fortress, Mark," continued the cheerful voice; "the Castle is relieved, and the garrison are waiting for us."

(To be continued)



JUNE is considered the month *par excellence* for out-door fêtes of every description, but during the past thirty days there have been few evenings when it was really agreeable to stroll in the open air in semi-evening toilette. Velvet and cashmere have been more worn than any other material, but there is some hope of a warm and fine July, when all the pretty dresses of light washing materials which are waiting to be displayed may have a chance. In spite of the unpropitious weather, the costumes at Ascot were for the most part white. One costume was a white satin skirt, with a long white brocaded velvet coat-shaped bodice, trimmed with old point lace. Ivory silk, relieved with light red or blue, was very popular. The hats were worn very large, and were profusely trimmed with ostrich feathers. Sulphur colour has almost superseded the pink shade of last year, but there were a few very pretty costumes of the new faded rose, which has a brown shade through it, and looks remarkably well in cashmere embroidered in silk and trimmed with cream lace. Golden brown is very effective in satin trimmed with beaded gimp of the same shade, and chenille fringe. There have been some very pretty weddings lately. Nuns' cloth is the favourite material for bridesmaid's dresses. Amongst the prettiest costumes we have seen for bridal purposes were those worn at a recent wedding. They were made of gold and white Indian muslin, with Swiss belts of gold braid. The bodices were full and the sleeves gathered on the shoulders. At the edge of the skirt was a wide ruching, with narrower ruching at the edge of the sleeves. The left side of the drapery was looped up with gold tassels. The small bonnets were very stylish, made of gold braid, and edged round the brim with white feathers tipped with gold. The gathered bodices are still in great favour, especially for children and young girls; they are very appropriate for the flowered and plain satens and cambrics. Very stylish and becoming to slender figures are the old-fashioned sacques, of which we have seen several lately. They look equally well for morning or evening wear. We saw two very fair girls in them, who looked simply charming. One wore a salmon-coloured silk petticoat with pink rose buds embossed. Her sacque was of pearl white satin. The other had a white damask silk, outlined in gold thread, petticoat, and a sulphur-coloured satin sacque. Both these girls wore their hair cut short and curled in small rings all over the head. Plain skirts are worn with one fancy flounce, six or eight inches deep, thickly pleated, then stitched down the middle, and each third pleat turned up top and bottom. These flounces are more durable than the pinked ruchings, which look very light and pretty in gauze or muslin for evening dresses, but soon fray when made in silk. Amongst other revivals following on that of the crinoline is that of four or more skirts of *tulle* or gauze, which have a very light effect. The front breadth is made with puffings, or narrow flounces edged with lace.

The crinolettes are now thoroughly established. When kept within moderate bounds they are not ungraceful. They should not be carried over the hips, but made in puffs just large enough to keep the short skirt clear of the heels. When stuck out to an exaggerated size they are most ungraceful. The upper petticoats must be well gored, and trimmed, with stiff muslin flounces, edged with lace or embroidery. Some very pretty costumes were recently made for a garden party. One was of white sateen, sown with small pink poppies. The skirt was draped in three places over a petticoat of flesh pink sateen, the openings being filled with frills forming a pyramid. Bodice and paniers were gauged and trimmed with Spanish lace. A sash of watered pink silk, knotted carelessly on one side. Leghorn straw hat lined with pink and trimmed with silk Indian muslin, a tuft of pink poppies on one side, the same flowers ornamenting the top of the lace parasol, which was lined with pink. This costume looks equally well with a pale blue skirt and an over-dress of the same coloured sateen with Vateau medallions. Another pretty dress was of sulphur-coloured Surah, pleated on to a flounce of brown satin, casaque of brown *gaze de velours*, simply fastened with a steel clasp; sulphur-coloured waistcoat; fine rice-straw hat, turned up on one side, lined with sulphur-coloured velvet, and a sulphur-coloured aigrette.

An artistic costume was made of cream-coloured Indian silk, slashed and puffed with old gold satin, a scarf of Mysore gold-printed silk, cunningly puffed at the back. The corsage was trimmed with a cascade of cream Spanish lace and an Olivette ruff edged with pearls. A very aesthetic dress was of peacock blue Indian cashmere, embroidered heavily in gold, made *à la Greque*. There is a marked alteration in the method of arranging the bodice bouquet. Flowers are worn very high on the top of the left shoulder in closely packed rosettes, instead of the trailing sprays hitherto affected. Sometimes the flowers are replaced by a knot of ribbons with flowing ends.

A remarkably handsome dinner dress was of steel grey satin, trimmed with wide *fassementerie* with steel beads. On the tablier were narrow satin flounces, headed with vandykes of satin, to each point of which was a fancy tassel of steel. The corsage was made with small paniers and very long points. It was cut square in front, trimmed with steel *fassementerie*. A small Olivette collar was edged with cut steel beads. The long train was trimmed to correspond.

All through the season velvet bodices and coats have been worn, and very useful they are for evening *fêtes*, as they look very dressy when made in white or any pale colour, brocaded, with skirts to match, or in black or any rich dark colour over white or black skirts. The Spanish manilla of black or cream lace, artistically draped and fastened with a spray of natural flowers, especially roses, of any hue, looks more stylish for these evening *fêtes* than any hat or bonnet, however fanciful, and really protect the throat and head from cold. Wraps for the opera or theatre are sometimes made long, plain, and quite circular, with large collars. They are sometimes edged with bands of fur, or others with embroidery in silk, or *appliqué* of velvet leaves edged with gold.

It is always very difficult to keep our supply of luggage within bound when going out of town to a fashionable watering-place for say July and half August. A the risk of calling down the wrath of *paterfamilias* upon our heads, we would advise our young lady readers to take the bulk of their summer clothing with them. This is the way to arrange it. Pack in a wooden case all your dainty for satens, cambrics, &c., together with a supply of under-linen for the whole six weeks. Let this case be sent before or after you by the whole six weeks. If within a reasonable distance of home, or the family rail. If within a reasonable distance of home, or the family washerwoman, send all your linen thither, for sea-side washing is generally very bad. Let us suppose it to be a family party of six or eight; a weekly lot thus despatched will so clear off the heavy baggage that there will be no complaint on the part of the male parent when the minimum amount of neat trunks are arranged on the platform for the homeward journey. As to the children of the party, clothe them in serge from head to foot, at all events for the

morning, and for the afternoon let all their garments be inexpensive and unspoiled. The most stylish little frocks may be made of cambric, or batiste, or sateen, for a mere trifle. The boots and stockings department are the most expensive, but the little ones often dispense with them for the greater part of the day.

The packing case should contain two sets of bathing costumes for each bather, as at least once a week they should be thoroughly dried—no easy process. It is desirable to have a well-made black silk or cashmere costume in the case to be worn at concerts, readings, or indoor festivities only, as sea air often turns black rusty. Wise young folks will always have chosen a prevailing colour for their summer costumes according to their taste or complexion, or both. Supposing pink to be the chosen hue, then have a brown cashmere or velvet coat, which may be worn on a chilly evening and look very stylish over any white or coloured skirt; a knitted under-petticoat will cling close to the figure and supply the extra warmth required. A few days will often serve to take all the beauty from feathers, therefore be prepared with lace and bouquets to replace them. A good opportunity is offered to finish up the floral (if not crushed or soiled) trimmings of the ball-room. A prettily-made serge suit should form an important item in the sea-side wardrobe.

There is no novelty in yachting costumes for this month, many stripes and checks in various shades of brown or stone have been introduced, but there is nothing to equal the red, white, and blue, in serges and braids combined in endless variations by tailors well up to their work, and who are able to produce not only a well-fitting costume for the young and trim figure, but for the clumsy and ill-made figure are not unwilling to do their best.



Mr. FRANK BARRETT's name upon a title-page is always welcome. "A Prodigal's Progress" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) is in every respect a worthy successor to "Lieutenant Barnabas"—one of the best romances of life in a past generation that has appeared in our own. The period of the present novel is also laid in some indefinite part of the last century, and the appropriately old-fashioned colour is obtained without any apparent effort or deliberate imitation. The story is interesting, and the characters, though comprising none that are quite so striking and original as was Lieutenant Barnabas, are, one and all, freshly and vigorously drawn. The wicked Father Dominick is perhaps melodramatic and somewhat conventional. But the prodigal himself, and Lydia, and, above all, the disreputable clergyman, Mr. Tickle, are altogether admirable. The clergyman's extraordinary combination of goodness of heart with absence of scruple, of weakness and loyalty, is a no less excellent portrait than that of Lydia, who has, for a heroine, an unusual amount of wit, sense, and courage. Some of Mr. Barrett's characteristic faults, though far less apparent than in his former works, and especially in "Polly Morrison," are not absent here. Improbable incidents are used too freely, and too obviously for the purpose of bringing about an otherwise impossible catastrophe. On the whole, however, a tendency to over-much recklessness in this direction is toned down, to the great advantage of the general effect, even in the matters of strength and vigour. Indeed, all the author's faults are of the healthy and exuberant kind which give far better promise than the complete want of them. From the region of promise Mr. Barrett has not yet emerged—a fact upon which we may, with a view to the future, congratulate both him and his readers, considering the continued advance which each of his novels has hitherto made upon its predecessor. Above all things there is a manliness about the subject and style of the present work that is fully as rare as the author's exceptional power of giving fresh life and individuality to a heroine.

"The Golden Prime," a novel, by Frederick Boyle (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is a work of which the exciting and entirely original interest of the latter half is only matched by the dullness and tediousness of the former. We should recommend all intending readers to begin with the third chapter of the second volume, taking as read the uninteresting love affairs of uninteresting people, and the very inadequate sketches of Parisian Legitimism that precede it. The real value and interest of the work are to be found in Mr. Boyle's narrative of adventure among the Malays and Lanuns, carrying us into regions of the Pacific eminently likely to fire the most jaded imagination, and practically as new ground as the rest of the world has long ceased to be. The Malays, and the native races of Borneo, have found their first novelist, so far as we are aware, in Mr. Boyle, and he has broken this *terra incognita* with all the energy of an efficient pioneer, and with the picturesqueness of treatment which can only come of personal knowledge. He is to be congratulated on having claimed a new field so fertile in romance for his own. Perhaps the very novelty of the field renders it occasionally rather difficult to follow him in his narrative, but he is never obscure in his portraiture, or in his description of such extraordinary forms of decaying civilisation as that of Bruni. Borneo is likely to be of continually increasing interest, and it is well that its unknown and mysterious races should be painted as they are, before they share the fate of the North American Indian. As to this portion of "The Golden Prime," its principal fault is that there is too little of it. We most heartily advise Mr. Boyle, in future to carry us with him entirely among pirates and savages, to have nothing to do with young women whose caprices he is quite incapable of making anybody tolerate or comprehend, and to cease from painting Oxford life in such a manner as almost to throw doubt upon the accuracy of pictures that are, taken by themselves, stamped with every sign of being as faithful to truth as they are strange.

While the purpose of "Donovan," by Edna Lyall (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is distinctly religious, it cannot be called a religious novel, in the usual sense of the term. The hero is a young man who is driven towards infidelity through exceptionally bitter experience of the world, and is brought back to belief when the nature of his experience changes. The interest of the story, however—and it is considerable—turns upon the more ordinary elements of fiction. Donovan himself is a careful and finished study of an unusual but by no means extremely exceptional character. The effect of the circumstances of his boyhood upon his more mature views is well contrived, and is worked out with more truth to nature than is usual in attempts to make the child the father of the man. His history as a professional gambler is evolved from a too lady-like imagination; but for the rest the novel is quite sufficiently powerful to obtain a good place among the average. The manner in which the purpose of the novel is rendered the more effective by being kept out of view is to be recommended to other authors than those of religious fiction.

"Pansy," for example, who appears as the author of "Links in Rebecca's Life" (1 vol.: Hodder and Stoughton), goes to work in precisely the opposite way. Rebecca is a young woman who reforms everybody by at once finding a text more or less suitable to his or her circumstances. The novel, obviously an American production, has therefore the effect of a tract grown to over 400 pages. We say this in no disrespectful spirit, but it is only fair to a large class of readers to point out that, while they may possibly be edified, they cannot possibly be interested or amused. Good intentions, rather than literary skill, appear to be the strong point of "Pansy."



SOME portly volumes, and any number of lengthy articles in the journals and magazines, have already informed the world of the results and adventures of Nordenskjöld's Expedition, and the discovery of the North-East Passage. Nevertheless, a clearly-written and condensed account of the voyage is acceptable, and this we have in Mr. H. L. Brækstad's excellent translation of the recently-issued work by Lieutenant Hovgaard, one of the officers of the *Vega*. The volume is avowedly popular. There are no minute scientific details to worry, though, at the same time, there are no harrowing dangers, no sensational sufferings to excite the reader's mind. Rather, the book is a smooth, straightforward narrative of the not very startling events of the voyage, and a pleasant reflection of the more generally interesting impressions which its author received. To those who have read the more important records which have already been published, the interest of Lieutenant Hovgaard's work is necessarily secondary. All the stories of ice, and snow, and fog; of sport with reindeer and with bears; of the tin box containing the customary "document," placed in a cairn erected on the northernmost point of the continent—which, by the way, everybody prophesied the explorers would never reach; of the ten months' wintering among the Chuckches; of the breaking-up of the ice under the warmth of the returning sun; of the triumphant sailing away for Yokohama, and of the *fêtes* there, and at Cairo, Naples, and other places on the way home, ending with the hilarious reception at Copenhagen—all these matters are familiar. But Lieutenant Hovgaard tells them again in a simple and attractive fashion of his own; and, since a careful and comprehensive review of all previous expeditions and explorations from the earliest times is prefixed to the work, and since the maps are good, and the illustrations numerous, "Nordenskjöld's Voyage Round Asia and Europe" (S. Low and Co.) may be accounted a very capital introduction to the North-East Passage, its history, its dangers, and its useful possibilities.

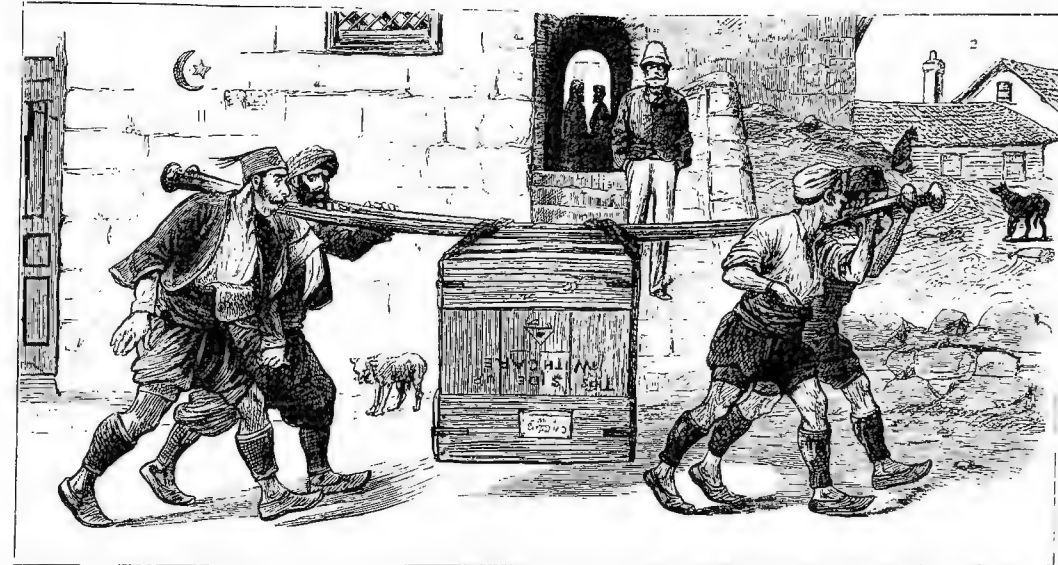
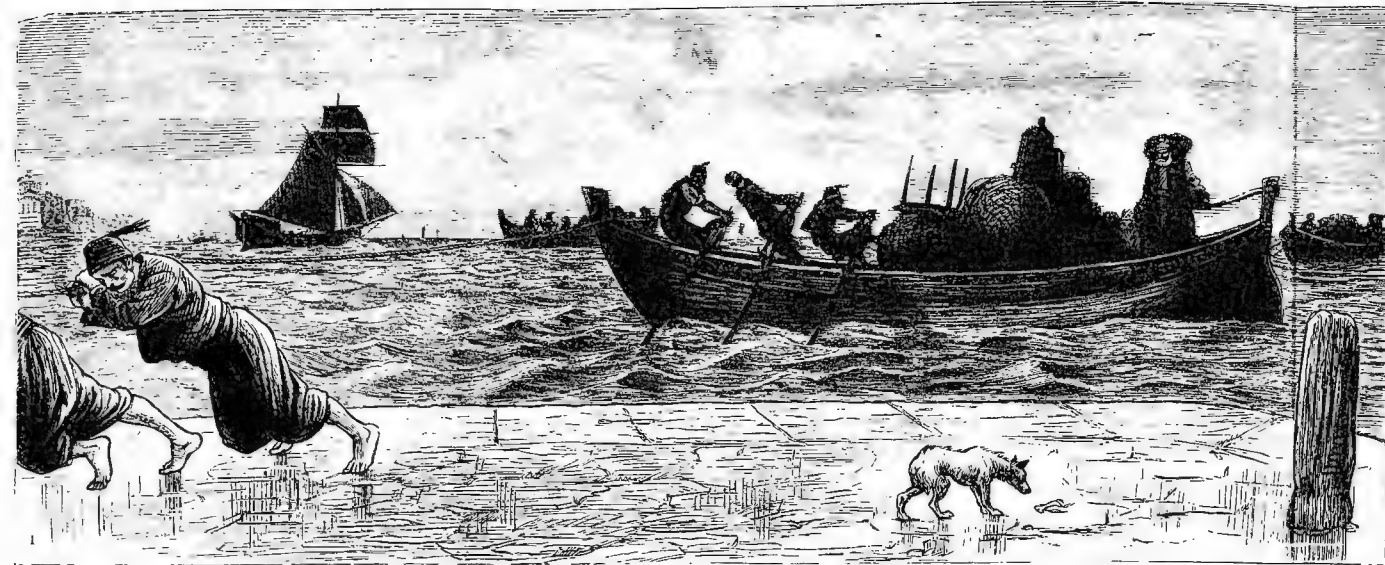
The general interest which what used to be called the "Great Lone Land" has attracted in recent years gives considerable appropriateness to Professor Bryce's "Manitoba; Its Infancy, Growth, and Present Condition" (S. Low and Co.). "The immediate cause" of the work, the Professor says, modestly enough, is in its having given recreation and a change of subject to the mind of the writer, overtaken with assisting others in the weary task of laying the foundation in education and religion in the virgin regions of the Great North West. But the author has spent ten busy years of his life in the prairies, and he "has tried to keep his eyes open during that eventful period." For all that, however, his personal experiences are the least prominent parts of his book, which is principally concerned with an account of the great, but long misunderstood, labours of Lord Selkirk in the beginning of the present century. And very interesting and useful just now is the story, told in great detail, of the Earl's colonising efforts, and of the establishment of Selkirk Settlement, which grew into "Selkirk Colony," a name which, with others, such as Rupert's Land, Assiniboine, and Red River Settlement, have been swallowed up in the "Manitoba" of to-day. It is curious to observe how shrewd and wise he was, how full of foresight for the ever-swelling necessities of England's population, and how clearly he perceived the methods by which they could best be satisfied. In a memorial to the Home Secretary in 1802, he employs words which are as applicable at this moment as ever they were, and which, if space permitted, we should like to quote. Certainly they should be widely read. The book is avowedly a defence of Selkirk's policy—a praiseworthy attempt to reverse the opinion that he was "not worthy of confidence as a coloniser," and it must be confessed that the defence has been made none too soon. Some readers may be disposed to quarrel with the combination of history and biography which the book presents; but it is full of interest and useful information, such as all who are turning hopeful eyes towards the vast territories of British North America will be glad to gather. And it is perhaps all the more valuable because its author is neither a Government emigration agent, a special correspondent, nor a candidate for political honours. We must mention, also, the interesting letter from Sir Walter Scott, published now for the first time. It was written in 1819, when Scott was seriously ill, in answer to a request from Lady Halkett to aid in bringing Lord Selkirk's labours properly before the world; it shows the author of "Waverley" to have been one amongst the very few of the time who grasped the true significance of Selkirk's work.

Equally useful in its way is an unpretentious shilling volume—"A Year in Manitoba" (W. and R. Chambers), in which a retired officer tells of his trials, and disappointments, and final successes in settling his sons as farmers. His was a hard lot, for at the very outset he was swindled, and he had many disappointments to damp his spirits, to say nothing of a fire which destroyed his house; but perseverance and energy eventually carried him through. The work is anything but bad reading, apart from its practical value. It is furnished with illustrations, and contains numerous observations of the country, and many facts and suggestions which intending settlers are pretty sure to appreciate.

Egypt threatens to become almost as obnoxious to the reviewer as it is distressing to the statesman. Here is another of a long and not altogether necessary series of books on the great haunts of tourists on the Nile—"Palms and Temples," by J. B. Arnold (Tinsley), which has the advantage of a preface by no less a personage than Mr. Edwin Arnold himself. The author's English as a rule is unexceptionable, a somewhat rare phenomenon in books of travel; and the work on the whole is readable, and moderately entertaining. It is nothing more than a journal of a four months' trip on the Nile. But the unsophisticated tourist may find something to instruct as well as to amuse him in its pages. The author, it is true, is rather fond of showing his acquaintance with the classics; and he has a damaging habit of retaining old stories and of trying to be humorous on every possible occasion. Still, many of his word-sketches are pleasant enough in their way; and the book may be described as in some respects slightly above the average of its kind.

"Pathways of Palestine," by H. B. Tristram, F.R.S., Canon of Durham (S. Low and Co.), claims to be a descriptive tour through the Holy Land, but is in point of fact a collection of photographs which, though fairly good, are scarcely so remarkable as the worthy Canon appears to imagine. They are accompanied by some twenty-three chapters of Biblical description. Holy Land tours are familiar almost as nursery rhymes. Canon Tristram gives us no narrative of incidents, and descriptions of photographs are apt to become a trifle dull, not to say wearisome. The work would make a good school prize, and might find a place on the drawing-room table.

Readers of travel whose attention has been lately drawn to the Zulu War and to affairs in South Africa generally, will find in "A Holiday in South Africa," by R. W. Leyland, F.R.G.S. (S. Low and Co.) some interest in the latest information regarding the localities and people so prominently brought into notice during the past few years. While staying at the Cape Mr. Leyland visited the most notable scenes in the late war—Rorke's Drift, Isandhlwana, the capital of the Transvaal, the Kimberley mines, and other various points of interest. A chapter on ostrich farming shows how extensive and important a trade this has become, and with its profit of over forty



1. MOVING OUT OF TOWN: A BAGGAGE CAIQUE.—2. THE INDISPENSABLE HAMMALS.—3. "GUARDA!" AN ABSENT-MINDED TOURIST.—4. THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER.—5. AN AVALANCHE IN THE GRANDE RUE IN WINTER.—6. THE BARBER'S SHOP.—7. THE ARCADE

THE CRISIS IN THE EAST: SKETCHES AT CONSTANTINOPLE

per cent., how much safer an investment it is than diamond-mining. The writer's views on the Zulu Question are about the same as Bishop Colenso's; we leave the reader to judge how correct they may be. The book, which is copiously illustrated with reproductions of photographs, will repay perusal.

The six most important chapters of "An Old Stager's" "Private Theatricals" (Allen and Co.) give good and concise instructions for the erection of a stage, the preparation of scenery and lighting, the preservation of stage appliances, stage furniture, and costumes, for an effective and artistic "make up," and for the judicious settlement of parts, and the drawing up of play bills. A list is also given of plays most suitable for private performances, with particulars of the requirements of each. In short, it is a useful little book for amateurs, who, if they carefully follow the author's advice, will probably be more successful in their self-imposed tasks than, alas! they usually are.

Ouida is hardly a name with which the ordinary reader associates children's stories, and yet we venture to say that one of the most charming works for the young which has appeared for some years is "Bimbi; Stories for Children" (Chatto and Windus). No author probably equals Ouida for word-painting and exquisite pathos. Her descriptions of children and animals have always been striking features of her works; and once get her away from the bad and gloomy side of human nature, there are few writers who can touch the tender chords of a reader's heart more easily. Such stories as "The Nürnberg Stone," the "Child of Urbino," an exquisite tale of Raphael's early boyhood, "Moufflon," an anecdote of a faithful poodle, told as only true lovers of animals can tell such anecdotes, and the "Little Earl," are simply idylls of innocent child-life, which will give equal pleasure to parents and to children, and in which the most hypercritical could only find a thoroughly wholesome moral.

Mr. Charles Dickens has supplemented his Dictionaries of London and of the Thames—new and revised editions of which lie on our table—by a "Dictionary of Paris" (Macmillan). The work is as carefully compiled as its predecessors, and will be read with amusement by the Parisian *habitué*, and with instruction by those who have not a close acquaintance with the "centre of civilisation."

We have also received the cheap edition of the "Letters of Charles Dickens," published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, uniform with their cheap issue of Dickens' works.

The Electric Light fever has called forth a translation by Mr. Robert Routledge of the Comte de Moncel's *L'Eclairage Électrique* under the title, "Electric Lighting" (Routledge and Co.). We should have thought there was room—as there undoubtedly is—for a new work, instead of furlishing up an old treatise with a feeble attempt to bring it up to date by very scanty additions.

Finally, we would give a word to the half-yearly volume of *Little Folks* (Cassell and Co.), which is certainly the very ideal of what a children's magazine should be, containing stories, puzzles, and matter of a more serious nature, for young people of all ages—even those unable to read will revel in its pictures. The Children's Humane Society, established by the Editor at the beginning of the year, now numbers nearly 12,000 officers and members, amongst whom the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales are the latest additions.—Miss E. C. Phillips has supplemented her series of "Tropical Reading Books" by a capital "Primer" (Griffiths and Farran), in which the young idea is picturesquely initiated into the mysteries of the British language, from the alphabet to words of two syllables.—Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. have sent us a useful card, "Fifty Things to be Remembered in the Kitchen" both by the cook and the other servants, compiled by Mrs. W. T. Greenup, Examiner to the South Kensington School of Cookery.

TOO CALM FOR FISHING

By "BLACK PALMER,"

Author of "Scotch Loch-Fishing."

"It's a fine day for a picnic, sir." Thus spoke my boatman, John McKellar—better known among his friends as Jake—as he shoved off the boat from Luss shore on a fine July morning. And certainly it looked as unlikely a day for sea-trout or salmon-fishing as one could well desire to see, but as such days do not always end as they begin, I get things into order, and desire him to pull for the south-west end of Inch Moan, where we expect that the wind will strike first. This conclusion as to the wind—for there was, at the moment, not a breath on earth to guide us—was arrived at after much study of the few white clouds that were overhead. The clouds themselves did not seem quite sure which way they would ultimately be forced, as those that seemed highest appeared to be moving almost imperceptibly to the north-east, while the lower strata looked going in an opposite direction. However, we had to make some choice, and as the wind in July was more likely to blow from the south-west than from the north-east, we decide for the former.

As we get fairly afloat, the village of Luss presents a very picturesque appearance. The white clean-looking cottages—the smoke hanging around like a gauze veil—the church spire visible amongst the grand old trees—the purple-covered hills which form the background to the right, at whose base the Luss water has its course—all combine to make a picture of serenity and peace. We pass Fraoch Eilan—corrupted into Frecklan, so near as we can judge by the pronouncing of it—where many a fine fish lies waiting for a spate to set the Luss water roaring from bank to brae, and let it up to the upper parts before spawning-time comes. And a pretty sight it is to see the fish leaping the weir which forms the mill-dam. When the water is in order, they are there in scores, and one at a time they make the attempt, some of them getting over with comparative ease, whilst others, notwithstanding a bold spring and shake of the tail, fall back again to make the attempt with more success again. We are now nearing the entrance to the straits, unknown and, indeed, invisible to steamer tourists, which divide Inch Tavannach and Inch Conachan. When the Loch is low, a stone is visible near the entrance, from which tradition has it that the Gospel used to be preached to audiences on both islands, and this stone is still known as the "Minister's." A little further up the straits, tall water-weeds line the marshy edges, and amongst them, on a hot day in summer, big pike bask in the sun, or used to bask, for a war of extermination has been waged of recent years against Mr. Jack, and the place that once was his as a sort of acknowledged sanctuary is getting too hot for him. No doubt he serves his place in the economy of nature, not to speak of sport, and nature's laws are not usually to be broken with impunity. Farther on, we come upon a bed of water-lilies, their white cups still glistening with dewdrops, and their broad green leaves shining in the sun. The lilies don't get a long life of it here, as boating parties are numerous, and there are few more lovely ornaments for a drawing or dining-room table than a real white water-lily. They are very beautiful, and so my tourist friend, when you pass this way, help yourself; but remember that there are others to follow, and don't take them all. They fade very easily in the carrying. On Inch Tavannach ferns are numerous, and I ought to have said before, that up the Luss Glen, following the course of the stream, not an easy walk by any means, many of our finer British ferns are to be found. We have now got to the other end of the straits, and find ourselves at the end of the north side of Inch Moan. This island is the gull island of Loch Lomond, and in the season one has to be very careful how he walks, as nests, with one, two, or more eggs, are scattered everywhere. Later on are to be seen little brown bundles of feathers

scudding about if disturbed or pursued, but when at rest hardly distinguishable from their surroundings; and now, in the month of July, they are on the wing, a dark brown all over, the young birds and their white-plumaged parents presenting a marked contrast. We are now in the open water which lies between Rossdu House, the seat of the Colquhouns, on the west, and Balmaha on the east, and, as yet, there is not the shadow of a ripple on the water. We land on Inch Galbraith, an islet with a ruin which must at one time have been a place of considerable strength, but now the island is not an agreeable place to land on, as the jackdaws have appropriated the Castle ruins. When we get afloat again, we look in vain for a breeze, and make up our minds to endure what cannot be cured. The braize, or roach, are making bells all around us, but there is no comfort in the sight, nor even a mild excitement, for there is no mistaking such puny ebullitions for the lordly "swirl" made by a nobler animal. Flies are skimming about in security, quite able to keep themselves in air this quiet day. Close in shore, the wee trout are rising in all directions, and a long way off, at the long Point of Inch Moan, as it is called, owing to the water being of fishable depth for a long way out, we catch a glimpse of a big fellow leaping in the air, and coming down with a splash, the effect of which is, no doubt, magnified by the surrounding calmness. Then over the still water comes the "thud thud" of the steamer's paddles, reminding us that we are in the neighbourhood of nineteenth-century civilisation, and within thirty miles of the metropolis of Western Scotland.

It seems useless waiting longer in one place, so my man rows gently eastward, and fish or no fish, the surroundings seem a realised vision of some fairer creation. Away to the north Ben Lomond raises its mighty pile, and the tourists of to-day may well congratulate themselves on seeing him in such serenity. For my own part, I like him best when his head is hid, and the clouds are wandering all over his sides. To-day, there is hardly a high cloud for the sun to make a shadow with, and a glare of heat seems to be reflected from the mountain's shapely head. Southward of us lie Inch Murrin, Torrinch, and Inch Caillach, while almost immediately in front are Inch Cruin and Inch Fad. Close to Inch Fad, and in a dry season, within wadeable distance from it, is Darroch Eilan, the general lunching rendezvous. Here there flourishes a mighty oak, which has sheltered generations of anglers, and of poachers too, for even to this day the "otter" is here used in spite of honour and law. We, too, are glad to make for Darroch and claim the oak's friendly shade, and here we meet other becalmed anglers, who are lunching earlier than usual, so as to save time should a breeze spring up, for hope as to wind seldom dies in an angler's breast. There is much pleasant conversation passing, chiefly, of course, relating to happier fishing-days gone by. Meantime, it has not escaped observation that the swallows which had been skimming high all morning are nearing the earth in their search for food, and now and again the leaves on the higher branch of a neighbouring dog-rose bush quiver. Then my man suddenly announces that a black streak is visible on the water to the south, and we all agree that it is wind—but will it last? It takes a time to reach us, but there is enough of it to make a curl on the water, and quick, as if by the wave of a magician's wand, boats and men disappear from the island. The rest of my description must wait for another calm day, as I am now too busy trying to lure the sea trout or salmon to his destruction to dream any more at present. I don't care if there should be no more mornings like this for a few years to come. It was very pretty, but a little of it goes a long way.

DEATH IN AN IRISH CABIN

DEATH to the genuine Irish Celt is neither terrible nor mysterious. His vivid imagination pictures the flight of the soul as it wings itself towards Purgatory, or that other and more distant bourne, the Heaven of his faith. Of that darker region to which all heretics are consigned he knows little, and thinks less. The true confession of sins, the holy unction, the priest's blessing, are sufficient to form a passport—even for the worst sheep of the pastoral flock—to the land of lesser shadows and fires, where Hope holds the key and strengthens each suffering spirit to endure the punishment which its shortcomings on earth have doomed as its award there. There is something pathetic in the superstitions which surround the death-bed of the Celt, a pathos in the weird fancies which a sensitive people have built up over their dead. Here, in this cottage, lies a man whose wan face and sunken eyes proclaim that the King of Terrors has claimed him as his own. The neighbours, gathered round the bed, or crouching by the peat fire, whisper that "the death is on him;" and, as they strike their breasts and murmur pious ejaculations, watch with interest the "blessed" candle which his wife lights and places in his hand. This candle is to illumine the way for the emancipated soul as it staggers into the dark, and will be left in the corpse's hand till it has burnt down to a level with the rigid fingers. But the dying man seems to doubt its potency, and prays fervently that his spirit may pass away before the daylight fades from the sky and the shadows of night close round. He fears the darkness, and trembles lest he shall be doomed to wander to and fro, lost in the gloom of some nether region. His wife and children join in his apprehension, and falling on their knees, call on God and the saints to give their husband and father light on his woful and mysterious journey. After a time it appears as if their prayer, piercing through the crust of ignorance and superstition, reaches the throne of the All-Merciful; and the dying man knows that his request has been heard and will be granted. A peace comes to his troubled heart, and he talks calmly of the duty which he believes will devolve upon him before the morrow's sun has set. This is the watch and ward which his spirit must keep by the churchyard gate till another corpse is borne to its narrow bed in the nettle-grown burial ground. "I shall stand by the gate," he says, "till God releases me. Poor Mary,"—referring to a neighbour's daughter who had died a week before,—"she will not now have long to wait. By to-morrow night I shall have taken her place." As he speaks, the crones and neighbours draw closer to each other, and, making the sign of the cross, sympathetically sigh and groan as the grey shadow creeping over his face proclaims that the end is near. His wife and children turn their anxious eyes towards the sun as it sinks lower and lower in the glowing sky. But their fears are needless; for while it hangs like a crimson ball above the horizon, and all the western firmament is glorious with gold, the angel of death enters the cottage, and the man's spirit passes into the light.

There is a certain grimness in the wake, or watch, which follows a death, as well as a horrible levity. If an old person dies, the news is received by the young people of the neighbourhood in somewhat the following manner:—"Owd Andy is dead," they will exclaim. "The owd fellow; and didn't he keep us the long time out of the fun!" For a wake to the peasant girl means very much what a ball does to her sister in a higher rank of life. She goes to it to laugh, talk merrily, play boisterous games, and meet eligible young men. Strict etiquette requires that each person who comes into a cottage where a corpse is being "waked" should kneel before the body and utter loud and piercing cries. These crocodile tears are considered a tribute of respect to the memory of the departed, and the individual who indulges in them must on no account get off his knees or stifle his wails till some relative of the deceased comes and bids him do so. Thus supposed to be comforted, the so-called mourner rises, wipes his eyes, and, if old, takes a pipe and a piece of tobacco from the plate which rests on the breast of the rigid figure, and, fortified by the prospect of a comfortable smoke, joins the neighbours gathered round the fire, where comments like the following are passing on the dead:—"A

good man. The Lord ha' mercy upon him this day, and give him a good place—and him never did man, woman, nor child harm, and never took a dhrop but fwat he took that ways on a market day." If young, he soon forms one of the "boys" and girls who are playing games in the lower half of the kitchen. Once, a woman came into a "corpse-house" whose feelings were known to have been the reverse of friendly towards the departed. According to the required etiquette, she sank upon her knees, and went through the necessary formula of simulated grief. The relatives of the dead man, determined to make her pay for the enmity she had shown, left her to howl and thump her breast, while they looked on with unmoved indifference. Ten minutes of forced grief seemed rather too much for the sham mourner, and, pausing once or twice, she glanced over her shoulder to see if any one was coming to her relief. As, however, no one came, she had to continue her wails, and for half an hour remained buried in an apparently inconsolable grief. At the end of that time, deeming that she had done more than her share of mourning for the dead, and seeing that the talismanic words, "I have done now, agra! whist, whist!" which would free her from her awkward position, were as far as ever from being spoken, she got up, like a sensible woman, and joined the group of crones by the fire. The depth of a husband's affection for his departed better half, or of a wife for her lord and master, is supposed to be shown by the number of times the disconsolate he or she flings himself or herself before the corpse. Many a young widow, however, who has been borne off six or seven times in a fainting condition from her dead husband's side, and whose screams have risen above the shouts of merriment from the boys and girls "funning" in the corner, has been consoled and married in a very short period from her loss. One distracted widow, indeed, while following his wife's funeral, proposed to a girl, was accepted, and before three more days had passed over his head, was again a happy Benedict. His dog, more faithful to the memory of the departed woman, refused food from the hand of the second wife; and, creeping away to the burial ground, lay down on the grave of his former mistress, where by long and dismal howls it protested against man's faithlessness. In vain its master tried to lead it home, the animal would not return to the cottage where a stranger reigned, and eventually Paddy silenced its grief by an ounce of lead in its brain. Amongst other superstitions held by the Celt regarding his dead, is the one that if a mother loses her first child she must not follow it to the grave. Neither must she be too violent in her grief when any of her children are dying, as, by her lamentations, she may detain the spirit, which, hovering on the border-land of the other world, will suffer great agony. "I would have gone last night," a girl on our estate, who was suffering from a painful and incurable disease, once said to her mother, "but, sure, you would not let me go." Another belief entertained by some of the Mayo peasants is the following:—The cup of milk, or water, which has been held to the lips of the dying, should be flung on the ground the moment life is extinct, as by this action you give the soul a chance of escape if an evil spirit has come to claim it. The fiend turns aside to take the drink, and its shivering victim, seizing the opportunity, flies through the pathless void to some limbo, from which, by its own exertions and the prayers of its friends on earth, it may eventually escape. These and similar superstitions surround the Mayo peasant's death-bed, enveloping it in a gloom which is but in keeping with the prayerless burial in the dank and dismal graveyard.

MANUS



B. WILLIAMS.—"The Bargeman's Child," words by Mary Mark Lemon, music by A. H. Behrend, is a very pretty narrative song with a melancholy ending, after the fashion of the present day. —By the above composer is "A Tress of Shining Gold," the words are by E. J. Oliver, it is published in three keys, G, A, and C; the same tone of sadness runs through both words and music as we find in sixty per cent. of the compositions now in vogue.—Two pleasing songs, music by Frederick Bell, are "O! Maiden Fairest," a serenade published in three keys, for which the composer has supplied the commonplace poetry, and "Stars of the Summer Night," Longfellow's graceful poem, which has been so many times set to music with varying success; both are well adapted for a drawing-room tenor; the first is the prettier of the two.—Most pathetic and charming amongst the many beautiful poems of Robert Burns is "Thou Linger Star" ("To Mary in Heaven"), which George Fox has set to music, but not with his usual success; this clever composer has far more of the comic than the tragic element in him.—"Lakeland," a series of easy and effective pieces by Michael Watson, for the pianoforte, which we had for review some short months since, have now been arranged as duets—a very great improvement upon the single pieces.—"La Normandie," *mélodie variée pour violon* and pianoforte, par W. H. Grattan, is easy and pleasing for a penny reading, and the drawing-room.—"Twelve Easy Sketches," for violin and pianoforte, by Max Schröter, are all more or less pleasing, notably so No. 4, "La Coquette," and No. 8, "Cradle Song."—An important and desirable addition to the library of any good organist is a set of select overtures by great composers, Mehul, Gluck, Boyce, Arne, and Mozart, arranged by Arthur H. Brown in a musicianly manner.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—As a rule, all music written for a special occasion is poor, and unworthy of the composer. "March Composed for the Marriage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Albany with Her Royal Highness the Princess Helen of Waldeck" is one of the weakest of Charles Gounod's compositions. The original edition is arranged for organ and three trombones; the pianoforte, single-handed, is very poor. Throughout the March, "God Save the Queen" makes desperate efforts to be heard, but is constantly extinguished.

A MONTH OF SUMMER

Do you remember that bleak eve
When the wild March roared o'er the land?
Under bare boughs beside bare sand
We stood and heard the woodland grieve
And watched the cold seas heave.

You thought it wondrous, did you not?
That one brief month of sun could bring
This wealth of summer's blossoming
To boughs that seemed by sun forgot
Upon that desolate spot.

And I—I did not tell you then
What was *my* thought; I tell you now:
I said, "O heart of mine, can'st thou
Be clothed with love-like blossoms when
Thy summer comes again?"

Child, to that wondering of thine
Behold the answer: overhead
A paradise of leaf is spread.
Heart, art *thou* answered? Yea; for sign
This hand I hold in mine.

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LOUIS VELVETEEN.
F. CATER and CO., 133 to 139,
CELEBRATED VELVETEEN,
IN BLACK and all SPRING COLOURS.
PATTERNS POST FREE. The wear of every yard
guaranteed.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING will soon
become general, and driving from such a glare of
light without lamps, or with a dim light, into the dark
roads, will be dangerous. A pair of WESTAWAY'S
PATENT GUIDANCE LAMPS gives a light equal
to that of six ordinary lamps. Upwards of 2,000
already in use. For all kinds of Carriages, Tricycles,
Bicycles, Hand, and general purposes.
Price List, write Testimonials and Prize Medals
awarded. Or Managers, WESTAWAY'S GUIDANCE
LAMP OFFICE, 10, Union Street, Plymouth.

Assurance against Accidents of all kinds. Assurance
against Railway Accidents alone. Assurance against fatal
Accidents at sea. Assurance of Employers' Liability.
RAILWAY PASSENGERS'
ASSURANCE COMPANY, insuring against
Accidents of all kinds. The Right Hon. Lord KINNARD,
Chairman. £1,000,000 has been paid as Compensation.
Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local
Agents, or 64, Cornhill, or 8, Grand Hotel Buildings,
Charing Cross, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

ARMS and CRESTS found by Mr.
HARRISON, late from the HERALD'S COLLEGE,
Sketch, 3s. 6d. Coloured 7s. Monograms, Seals,
Die, Bookplates, Pedigrees, Illuminated Addresses,
Engraving, Visiting Cards, Stationery, &c.
MATTHEWS and HARRISON, 135, Oxford St., W.
Established 1810. Prize Medals, 1851, 1862, 1870.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.
IMPORTERS
TURKEY CARPETS
PERSIAN CARPETS.
35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM cured
by the use of DR. LAVILLE'S CURATIVE
LIQUOR or PILLS. To be obtained of all respectable
Chemists, price 11s. per bottle. All who are afflicted
with these diseases should read Dr. Laville's celebrated
Treatise. Post free, 4d. F. N. WILKINSON and SONS,
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Address—F. COMAR, 28, Rue St. Claude, Paris.

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HOT BORN,
SUPPLY ALL QUALITIES OF THE
"LOUIS VELVETEEN"
IN BLACK AND ALL COLOURS.
AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.
PATTERNS POST FREE.
The wear of every yard guaranteed.

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TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,
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TO
HER MAJESTY.

THE LARGEST FURNISHING
ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.
MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers of
BED-ROOM SUITES by
MACHINERY.

500 BEDROOM SUITES, from
4 guineas to 200 guineas.
BED-ROOM SUITES, in pine,
5½ guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid
Ash, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand
fitted with Minton's Tiles, £10 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid
Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand
fitted with Minton's Tiles, £11 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid
Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand
fitted with Minton's Tiles, and Chest of Drawers,
£14 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash
or Walnut, with large plate glass to Wardrobe,
Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, Large Chest of
Drawers, £18 18s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid
Walnut, beautifully inlaid, 20 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash,
with 6 ft. Wardrobe complete, £22 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, pure Chip-
pendale in design, and solid rosewood, walnut, or
dark mahogany, large wardrobes (two wings for hang-
ing), with raised centre, Duchesse toilet table fitted with
jewel drawers, washstand with Minton's tiles, pedestal
cupboard, towel holder, and three chairs. These Suites
are very richly carved out of the solid wood, with bevel
plates, 35 to 50 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES.—Chippen-
dale, Adams, Louis XVI., and Sheraton designs;
large wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, richly
inlaid; also satinwood inlaid with different woods. 85
to 200 Guineas.

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THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT
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BEDSTEADS. Brass.

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TEN THOUSAND BEDSTEADS
in Stock to select from.

MAPLE and CO.—Bedsteads in
Wood, Iron, and Brass, fitted with furniture
and bedding complete. The bedsteads are fixed, in
stock, ready for choice. Over 10,000 iron and brass
bedsteads now in stock to select from. From 8s. 6d. to
20 guineas each. Very strong, useful brass bedsteads
five guineas. Bedding of every description manu-
factured on the premises, and all warranted pure. The
trade supplied.

MAPLE and CO. BEDDING.

MAPLE and CO. Spring Mattresses.

SPRING MATTRESSES.—The
Patent Wire-woven Spring Mattress.—We have
made such advantageous arrangements that we are
enabled to forward the above much-admired Spring
Mattresses at the following low prices:—
3 ft. 3 ft. 6 in. 4 ft. 4 ft. 6 in. 5 ft.
21s. 25s. 29s. 35s. 40s.

MAPLE and CO., IMPORTERS.

TURKEY CARPETS,

TURKEY CARPETS, as made in
the Seventeenth Century.

TURKEY CARPETS.

TURKEY CARPETS. 3,000 to
Select from.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT
OF INDIAN, PERSIAN, and TURKEY
CARPETS always in stock. Superior qualities.
Purchasers must beware of inferior Turkey Carpets
which are now being manufactured and sold as best
quality at so much per square yard.—MAPLE and CO.,
Tottenham Court Road.

MAPLE and CO. have correspon-
dents and buyers in India and Persia (who act
solely for them) from whom they receive direct consign-
ments of superior and first-class CARPETS of
guaranteed quality. Purchasers are cautioned against
large quantities which are coming forward of inferior
quality, these having been made to suit the demand for
cheap foreign carpets, especially Turkey. The trade
supplied.

THE LARGEST STOCK of
ORIENTAL CARPETS IN
EUROPE.

ANTIQUE PERSIAN RUGS.—
5,000 of these in stock, some being really
wonderful curios, well worth the attention of art
collectors, especially when it is considered what great
value is attached to these artistic rarities, and which
are sold at commercial prices.

A PERSIAN CARPET for Thirty
Shillings, measuring about to feet long by 5 feet
wide. 5,000 to select from. The goods are regularly
imported by MAPLE and CO., and are very durable,
being the best of this make. 145 to 149, Tottenham
Court Road, London.

FIFTY MILES of
BEST BRUSSELS
CARPETS at 3s. 9d. per yard.

THESE GOODS, by some of the first
Manufacturers, are of superior quality, the
designs and colourings new and artistic. They are 1s.
per yard under the usual price asked at the West End
for the same quality.

POSTAL ORDER DEPART-
MENT.—Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg respec-
tfully to state that this department is now so organized
that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any
article that can possibly be required in furnishing at the
same price, if not less, than any other house in England.
Patterns sent and quotations given free of charge.

ORDERS FOR EXPORTATION
to any part of the World packed carefully on
the premises, and forwarded on receipt of a remittance
or London reference.

MAPLE and CO., LONDON.

ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39, Ludgate
Hill, INVITES INSPECTION of all that is
new and beautiful in useful and ornamental CHINA
and GLASS, including—
Dinner Services ("Cottage") 50 pieces . . . 13 0
Dinner Services for 12 persons (108 pieces) . . . 35 0
China Dessert Services for 12 persons . . . 14 0
Gilt China Tea Services, 40 pieces, 12s. . . 28 0
China Breakfast Sets for 6, 12s.; for 4 persons . . . 7 0
Toilet Services (for washstands), 6s. 6d., 5s. 6d., & 3 9
White Stone Jugs, 4 or 6 pieces, set of three . . . 1 3
All really excellent patterns.
Quart Decanters, good cut glass, 5s. per pair, plain 4 0
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Plain Light Claret Glasses, 6s. per dozen . . . 8 0
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Tumbler, Cut, 3s. 3d.; moulded, per dozen . . . 1 6
Plain Light Finger-Glasses, taper-shape, per doz. 1 6
Other articles proportionately cheap.
Descriptive Catalogue post-free.
39, LUDGATE HILL. Established 1760.

PETER ROBINSON,
CURTAIN AND GENERAL
MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
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"FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS."

Upon Receipt of Letters or Telegram.
PETER ROBINSON'S EXPERIENCED DRESS
MAKERS and MILLINERS TRAVEL TO ALL
PARTS OF THE COUNTRY (no matter the distance).
FREE OF EXPENSE TO PURCHASERS, with
Dresses, Mantles, Millinery, and full assortment of
MADE-UP ARTICLES of the best and most useful
description. Also materials by the Yard, and supplied
at the same VERY REASONABLE PRICES as if
Purchased at the Warehouse in "REGENCY
STREET."

Mourning for Servants at unexceptionally low rates,
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Funerals Conducted in Town or Country at
Stated Charges.

Address 256 to 262, Regent Street, London.
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THE BEST CRAPES,

THAT WILL NOT SPOT WITH RAIN.
Special qualities finished by the manufacturer in this
desirable manner solely to the order of PETER
ROBINSON.
Good qualities from 5s. 6d. to 12s. 9d. per yard.
Others, not finished by this process, from 1s. 6d.
to 4s. 6d.

PETER ROBINSON, Mourning Warehouse,
256 to 262, Regent Street, London, W.

SUPERIOR BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

Egerton Burnett's
Pure Wool Best Dye Black
Serges, as supplied by him
for Court Mourning, are in
great demand. A variety
of qualities from 1s. 2½d.
to 4s. 6d. per yard. Ladies
who have a preference for
black should write for pat-
terns direct.

EGERTON BURNETT, Woollen Warehouse,
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CHAPMAN,
NOTTING HILL, W.

Supplies all qualities of the
LOUIS VELVETEEN,
IN BLACKS AND ALL COLOURS AT
SPECIALLY CHEAP PRICES.
The wear of every yard guaranteed.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
for
CONSTIPATION,
BILE,
HEADACHE

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.
A LAXATIVE and REFRESHING
FRUIT LOZENGE.
Universally prescribed by the Faculty

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.
2s. 6d. the box, stamp included.
Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.
Wholesale, E. GRILLON, 60, Queen St., London, E.C.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S

PESTACHIO NUT POWDER
Imparts a Natural Whiteness and Youthful
Delicacy attainable by no other means. In boxes,
2s. 6d.—LABORATORY OF FLOWERS, 2, New
Bond St., London, and of all Chemists and Perfumers.

CARISSIMA.—PIESSE and
LUBIN announce their New Perfume for the
present season—LABORATORY OF FLOWERS,
2, New Bond Street, London, and of all Chemists and
Perfumers. Catalogues free on application.

FLORILINE! FOR THE TEETH
—AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid
"Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produce a
pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth
from all parasites or decay, gives to the teeth a pecu-
liarly pearly whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the
breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from
decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant
Floriline," being composed in part of honey and sweet
herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet
discovery of the age. Sold everywhere at 2s. 6d.

ROBARE'S AUEROLINE, or
GOLDEN HAIR WASH. For producing the
beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted
perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all the
principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the
World.—Wholesale Agents: R. HOVENDEEN and
SONS, London.

BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS.
THE GREAT REMEDY
OR GOUT and RHEUMATISM.
All Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S
PHOTOGRAPH and a letter to Dr. Holman
from General Garfield commending the Holman Pad
to all sufferers from Liver and Stomach Disorders, will
be sent free to any address on receipt of stamp.
General Garfield believed the HOLMAN PAD to be
the best Liver, Stomach, Spleen, and Fever Doctor in
the world! Hundreds of thousands bear similar
testimony! References in every town in England.
Address: THE HOLMAN PAD CO., 61, Russell
Street Buildings, London, W.C.

PARR'S PARR'S LIFE PILLS
Will keep people in vigorous health,
and make them cheerful and hearty.
They are unrivalled for the cure of
sick headache, indigestion, loss of
appetite, impurities of the blood, dis-
orders of the stomach, liver, or general
derangement of the system.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, in
boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and in Family
Packets, 11s. each.

THE CELEBRATED
LOUIS VELVETEEN
IN THE CITY.
JOHN LONSDALE,
28 to 31, ALDGATE E.C.
The Wear of every yard, both Black and Colours,
Guaranteed.
Special Make for Boys' Suits. Patterns post free.

LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN.

WE DO NOT KNOW ANY
REMEDY SO EFFECTIVE as NEU-
RALINE in all cases of Nerve Pains. The following
testimonials are at once a security to the public and a
gratification to ourselves. Mr. G. D., of Co. Meath,
writes, "Having been troubled for ten years with
Neuralgia, I tried your Neuraline, and got relief after
a few applications."

A SINGLE APPLICATION OF
NEURALINE not uncommonly cures Nerve
Pains of the most protracted and agonising kind,
while it in most cases effects a permanent cure, and
in all gives certain relief. Mrs. W., of Moyston,
Ireland, writes, "My daughter has derived great benefit from
Neuraline in a case of severe and long standing
Neuralgia." "I have recommended your Neuraline to
many." M. C., Moorlands, Paignton, Devon.

THE GREATEST SUFFERERS
from NEURALGIA or any Nerve Pains can
obtain immediate relief and permanent cure by using
the approved remedy, NEURALINE. The bottle of
Neuraline was perfectly successful, giving instan-
taneous freedom from pain when most acute. J. R. B.,
of Ballymacool, Letterkenny, Ireland.

**"THE INVENTOR OF NEU-
RALINE DESERVES A NATIONAL RE-
WARD."** So says J. S. L., of Kilmahoe, Cardigan,
S. Wales, in a letter to the proprietors of NEU-
RALINE, the approved specific for all Nerve Pains. "It
is an extraordinary remedy. It has proved completely
efficacious in a case of a dreadful state, and the person
is now quite well."

IT IS NO VAIN BOAST, but an
assertion sustained by facts and the increasing
demand from all parts, that NEURALINE is the
remedy for all Nerve Pains, has no equal. Sufferers
from Neuralgia, Rheumatism, or associated disorders
of the nerves should use Neuraline. "Mrs. Jermyn
Tratt requests two bottles of Neuraline for herself,
and one for Mrs. N. L., of the Vicarage, Elmhurst,
East Derham. Her maid was relieved of Neuralgia
through Neuraline."

NEURALINE SHOULD
ALWAYS BE USED for Nerve Pains. It gives
instantaneous relief, and the greatest sufferer need not
despair. A permanent cure is effected, and complete
freedom from agony ensured without delay or difficulty. Mrs.
T., of Trinity Vicarage, Carlisle, writes, "I have recom-
mended your NEURALINE in at least a dozen cases
with perfect success."

NEURALINE, THE BEST AND
SWIFTEST SPECIFIC, curing all Nerve
Pains, has received general approval. Mrs. M., of
St. Paul's Churchyard, Northumberland, writes as follows:
"Mrs. M. thanks Messrs. LEATH and ROSS for
sending her a 4s. 6d. bottle of NEURALINE. She
suffered agonies from pain in the face, and the only
relief she got was from the Neuraline."

ESPECIAL ATTENTION IS
REQUESTED to the following most important
and significant extract from a letter addressed to
LEATH and ROSS by the Rev. C. K. of
Rectory, Winchester: "The Rev. C. K. finds Neuraline
allay the pain when everything else fails."

**SLEEPLESS NIGHTS and REST-
LESS DAYS** altogether prevented, and relief
from all nerve pains assuredly given, by the use of
NEURALINE, the speediest and most reliable remedy.
From all quarters gratifying testimonials are con-
stantly being received. "Nothing gave me even tem-
porary relief from severe Neuralgia until I tried your
NEURALINE. In the time required to penetrate to
the nerve centres all pain was gone, and has not since
returned." J. W., 84, Myrtle Street, Liverpool.

NERVE PAINS may be said to
exceed all others in severity, and equally true it
is that no remedy for them is so effective and speedy as
NEURALINE. C. H. Irving, of Mansion House
Buildings, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., writes,
"I have tried most advertised remedies for Neuralgia,
but without relief, until I obtained NEURALINE.
The pain has entirely left me, and not returned."

FROM OSBORNE HOUSE,
Alderley Edge, Manchester, Mrs. F. writes to
LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St.
Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, W., London, as
follows: "Your NEURALINE is an excellent remedy
for Neuralgia. My medical man often uses it." All
sufferers from nerve pains should at once order a supply
of this best and speediest remedy, which has stood the
test of many years, and is daily more appreciated.

NO REMEDY FOR NERVE
PAINS is to be compared with NEURALINE.
This specific may always be used with confidence, as it
is an effectual curative of the severest attacks, wherever
situated, and relief is instantaneous. "The Neuraline
relieved me from agonies." From C. G., 31, Titch-
borne Street, Edgware Road.

FROM ONE of many Testimonials
the following extract, showing the wonderful
excellence of NEURALINE as a cure for Nerve Pains,
is confidently submitted to the reader. "Miss H.
has found Neuraline most successful for face-ache, and
has recommended it to many of her friends."

AVOIDING ALL EXAGGERA-
TION, either of language or fact, NEURALINE
may unquestionably be stated as the best, speediest,
and most reliable curative for all Nerve Pains, however
long or of long standing. "Mrs. S. S. requests
another flat bottle of Neuraline, same as last. It was
quickly effective for curing Neuralgia in the instep."
—Eastwood, near Nottingham.

A SIMPLE APPLICATION of
NEURALINE frequently effects a permanent
cure, while a varying gives immediate relief to all
sufferers from Nerve Pains. "I have tried Neuraline
for Neuralgia in the head, and it has been of great use."
From Miss F., Pembroke Lodge, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF TO
SUFFERERS FROM NERVE PAINS is given by
the use of NEURALINE, and in no case has it failed.
As a certain and speedy curative this specific may be
confidently relied on. "I have often proved the effi-
cacy of Neuraline in cases of Neuralgia."—From
F. J. S., Colnbrook Park, Manchester.

NEURALINE MUST BE TRIED
to be appreciated. The testimony of all who have
used this remedy for Nerve Pains agrees in acknow-
ledging its extraordinary efficacy. Mr. Edgar, of Bute
Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B., writing to Sir
James Matheson, says: "My wife cannot express
her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It
proved the most successful lotion she had applied. The
relief was instantaneous."

NEURALINE should always be
used for Nerve Pains, as it is most effective, and
gives immediate relief. "NEURALINE proved the
most successful lotion ever applied."—Mrs. Edgar,
Bute Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B. Sir James
Matheson, of Stornaway, N.B., says, "Messrs. Leath
and Ross are welcome to publish the testimonials to
NEURALINE addressed to him."

ALL Nerve Pains, however Severe,
are cured by the use of NEURALINE. It is
invaluable as a speedy and certain relief giver, and
testimonials to its great excellence are continually
being received from persons who have proved its
efficacious qualities. "Your NEURALINE has
successfully relieved a period of pain in my head."
—From Mrs. L. F., West Malvern.

NEURALGIA Instantaneously
cured. Testimonial received by Leath and Ross
from D. C., 6, Lynton Road, St. James's Road, S.E.
"Having suffered from a child, a period of
twenty years, from Neuralgia, on the recommenda-
tion of a friend (who had previously been cured by it,
I tried your NEURALINE. I was instantly cured by
the first application, and have been free from the pain
ever since."

THE Speediest and most Reliable
Specific for all Nerve Pains is NEURALINE.
Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic
Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard; and 9, Vere Street,
W. London. NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists in
bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.; by post 1s. 3d. and 3s.
Merchants, Shippers, and the Trade supplied on the
best terms with all Homoeopathic preparations.

"THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA

TAYLOR BROTHERS'

"MARAVILLA" COCOA.

Sold in Tin-lined Packets only, by all Grocers.

TAYLOR BROTHERS call the

attention of consumers to the high sustaining
and nutritive powers possessed by MARA-
VILLA COCOA and MARAVILLA
COCOA ESSENCE. These articles being
prepared with great judgment and skill
from the choicest growths of the Trinidad
and South American estates, compare advan-
tageously with the productions offered by
other houses, and a trial is strongly recom-
mended before a preference is finally given to
any other description.

**TAYLOR BROTHERS, MARAVILLA, HOME-
OPATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, AND PEARL COCOA**
MANUFACTURERS,
Brick Lane and Wentworth Street Steam Mills,
Spitalfields, London.



1. The Exterior from the Garden.—2. Mr. Darwin's Study.

THE HOME OF THE LATE CHARLES DARWIN, DOWN, KENT



MR. ROBERT J. DOBSON
Murdered June 11th during the Rising in Alexandria

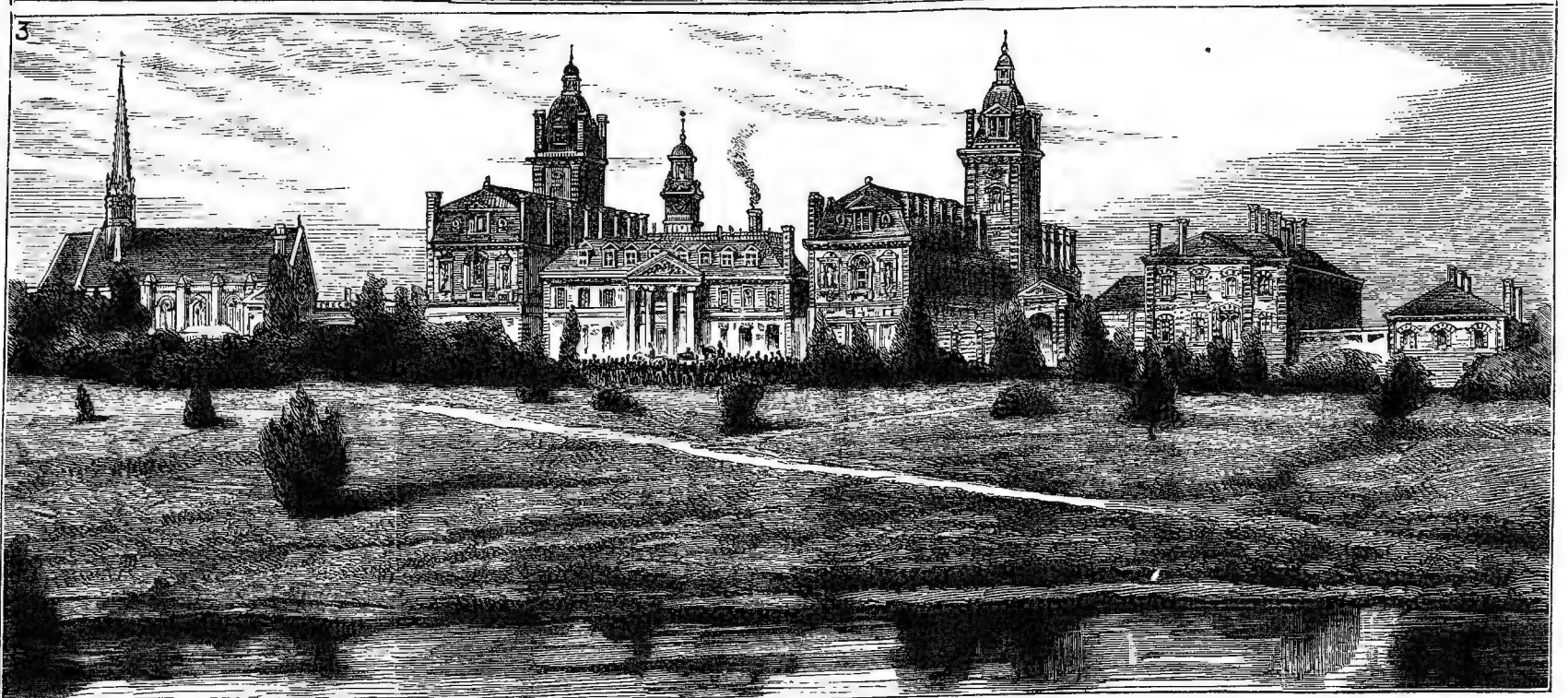
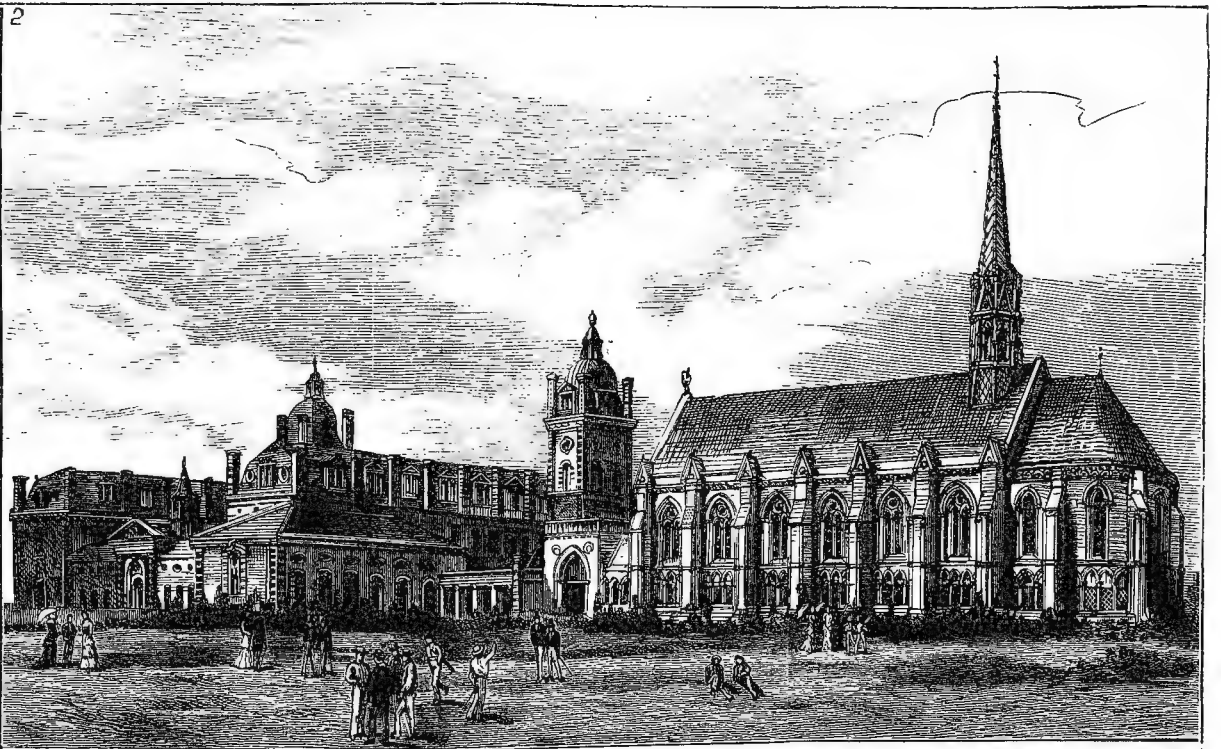
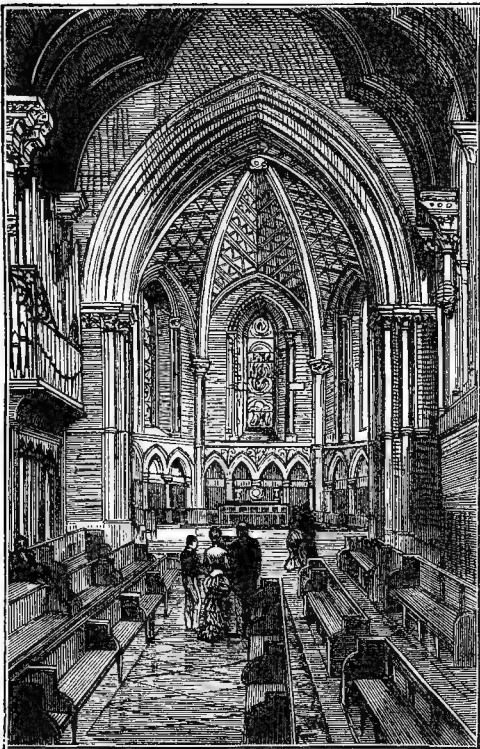


SIR EDWARD BALDWIN MALET, K.C.B.,
British Political Agent and Consul-General in Egypt



MR. R. J. RICHARDSON
Murdered June 11th during the Rising in Alexandria

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT



1. The Chapel Looking East.—2. The South Side of the College and the Chapel.—3. The Front of the College from the Lakes.

SPEECH-DAY AT WELLINGTON COLLEGE



THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.—The situation daily becomes more critical, and while the Porte boasts of the "happy result of Dervish Pasha's mission," Egypt remains in as great a state of confusion and ferment as ever. Strengthened by the open approval of the Sultan, who has sent him the Order of the Medjidieh, and is sparing no pains to conciliate the army by rewards, Arabi plainly declares that he has been supported by the Sultan since September last, and if thrown over can bring forward proofs of the double game played by Turkey. Indeed, Turkish influence is for the present supreme, and the Porte issues optimistic despatches describing the tranquillity of the country and the unanimity of the Khédive, Ministry, and army, assertions which are strangely contradicted by the excitement of the poorer class of natives, thrown out of employment by the departure of the Europeans, and mostly in a starving condition, by the panic-stricken state of Alexandria, and by the agitation created by the rumours of the intended despatch of a British force to protect the Suez Canal. Thus, although no fresh outbreak has yet taken place at Alexandria, the outlook is far from reassuring, and even the military bands have been prohibited from playing, to prevent the gathering of crowds. The Europeans continue to hurry away, most of the refugees being landed at Malta, Cyprus, Venice, and other ports in the utmost destitution, while those compelled to remain find that at this critical time the British colony is left almost to itself on shore. Although the British fleet is being constantly reinforced in the harbour, and Admiral Seymour keeps all ready for landing in case of need, in the town itself the British Consulate is left to the care of the Suez Consul, Mr. West, Mr. Cookson being still unfit for duty, the Vice-Consul, Mr. Calvert, having broken down in health, and Sir E. Malet having gone on a sea-trip to recruit, shortly to be followed by the French Consul-General. In some quarters the departure of the two latter is interpreted as a sign that the British and French Governments intend to bring in fresh men to treat with the Egyptian Ministry; but for the present, at all events, the two Governments have not recognised the new Cabinet; while the German and Austrian Consuls are strongly supporting Arabi. The Ministry have paid a short visit to Cairo, after attending the Khédive's reception on the anniversary of his accession; and Tewfik remains at Alexandria, maintaining some show of authority by issuing a formal approval of his Cabinet's programme, and a message to Ragheb desiring an inquiry to be made immediately respecting the disturbances of the 11th ult. A Commission of Inquiry has accordingly been formed; but both the French and English representatives have refused to attend the proceedings. The Khédive in his message points out the injurious effect of the present crisis on the prosperity of the country, and financial matters are already looking serious, the military expenditure being very large, and the Customs' returns showing a marked decrease. Arabi is firmly resolved to resist all foreign intervention, and is credited with the intention of blowing up the Suez Canal on the first landing of European troops. The alarm for the safety of the Canal has not been allayed either by Ragheb's vague reply to M. de Lesseps' telegram asking for an assurance that the traffic should be protected, or by the reports of a guard of Bedouins on the banks, of 5,000 soldiers on the watch, and of the arrival of explosives at Ismailia. These threatening symptoms, coupled with the news of the murder of several Europeans in the interior, and a report that Arabi intended to seize all the English remaining in Alexandria as hostages, caused a fresh panic on Tuesday and Wednesday, nearly all the British subjects rushing on board the ships. The Egyptian authorities doubled the guards to restore confidence, but neither this precaution nor the Ministerial proclamation denying any danger to Europeans has had any effect. Alexandria is becoming a semi-deserted city, the shops are closed, the foreign banks strongly strengthened and guarded, and the Foreign Consuls recommend their countrymen to leave as soon as possible. Probably some 30,000 Europeans have gone, and an equal number remain, while 4,000 British subjects had been taken away at Government expense up to last Friday. Already the Egyptian Ministry are obliged to take measures to aid the poor natives out of work, as 30,000 are starving in Alexandria alone, and probably a large number will be sent off to the irrigation works. Arabi and Ragheb returned to Alexandria on Wednesday in order that the former might be formally invested with the Medjidieh. The bestowal of this decoration has greatly increased Arabi's prestige with his countrymen, and the Arabs are more insulting than ever to Europeans.

In CONSTANTINOPLE the Conference met last week, but the Porte still firmly refuses to listen to the voice of the charmer, and join in the proceedings. Delayed by misunderstandings and the non-arrival of instructions to the Austrian representative, the first meeting took place last Friday, under Count Corti's presidency, and similar consultations have since been held every alternate day. The distinct difficulties to be solved by the Ambassadors are, first, the means of restoring order in Egypt, and, secondly, of maintaining that order, and the Ambassadors began by signing a *protocole de désintéressement*. Secrecy is studiously maintained, there being even no secretaries present, but it has been stated that the early meetings were devoted to defining the Sultan's rights, and that the representatives are not losing much time in debating preliminaries and official details, but are getting through the business somewhat quickly. Turkey is greatly annoyed at the Conference, having hoped up to the last moment that it would not take place, and, in reply to a fresh invitation on Saturday, replied that the state of Egypt was so satisfactory that no such Conference was needed, following up this reply by a Circular Note to the Powers, embodying the same statements with further arguments. The Note announces that the Army has expressed its devotion and submission to the Sultan, that the Egyptian authorities and people, and all foreign agents, except the British and French, are perfectly satisfied with the Ministerial programme, and finally declares that Dervish's mission has "put an end to the difficulties which had arisen, and satisfies also the legitimate desires of Europe." Thus the difference of views between the Porte and the Powers is considered as officially established by this Note, and the Turks build considerable hope on the probable disagreement of the Powers themselves during the Conference. The statement that the Powers would refrain from isolated action during the sitting of the Conference has given considerable satisfaction to the Porte, which was greatly alarmed by the British war preparations. There can be little doubt that German influence is in the ascendant at Constantinople just now, and that it favours a compromise with the Egyptian National party.

FRANCE is still absorbed in Egyptian affairs, and, stung by the inefficacy of the Anglo-French Control, has been seized by a violent attack of Anglophobia. The publication of the Yellow Book containing the despatches on Egyptian affairs between the British Government and M. Gambetta has brought down a storm from the Government organs of condemnation of M. Gambetta's foreign policy, while the extreme organs vigorously accuse England of playing a double game. This latter opinion, too, is shared by some of the more moderate journals, even the sober *Débat* declaring that the British Government has trifled with the French Government, and that Lord Granville in particular deceived France—an assertion roundly denied by the *République Française*, which upholds

Lord Granville's good faith, and gives a straightforward account of M. Gambetta's plans for the British alliance. As usual in France, these foreign troubles have aroused a bitter party spirit, and the supporters of M. Gambetta and M. de Freycinet are indulging in an animated wordy duel. The French Premier, warned by experience, is careful not to be lagged into injudicious admissions, and in the Chamber on Monday positively refused to reply to any questions respecting Egypt, declaring that no deductions must be drawn from his silence, as he would neither answer true nor false statements. Nevertheless, there appears every prospect that France would join England in armed intervention should such be necessary. Opinions are very much divided on the expediency of this course, but it is evident that the British war preparations have wounded Gallic susceptibilities even more than the disclosures of the Yellow Book. Jealous as ever of British supremacy in the East, the French unfavourably contrast their unprepared condition in military matters with that of their more fortunate neighbours, while they are further irritated by the pre-eminence of German influence with the Porte.

Beyond this topic, the summer has brought the usual stagnation in home affairs. The only subject in which the Deputies show any interest is the steady effort of the Radicals to put down all mention of religion in public functions, and which led to an animated debate on the alteration of the oath in Courts of law. M. Roche's proposal to alter the formula to "On my honour and conscience I swear," and to abolish the clause "before God and men," was carried, as well as the suggestion to prohibit the religious emblems in the Courts, the latter being voted by a very small majority. The only other item is the decision to remove the Tuileries ruins; but the Deputies have a good deal of work before them, and will probably not adjourn before the 25th. PARIS is equally dull, although the cold weather has kept people in town longer than usual, and many will now stay for the National *fête* and the inauguration of the new Hotel de Ville, when M. Grévy will be present at the banquet, and where, by-the-bye, the Republican ladies are highly indignant at being excluded. The Salon has closed, and the prizes were distributed by M. Ferry, and the usual *fête* in General Hoche's memory was held on Sunday.

ITALY has been occupied with the memory of the dead. A grand assembly has been held in Rome in honour of Mr. Darwin, where an enthusiastic address was delivered on the late naturalist; while Mazzini has been commemorated by four days' festivities at Genoa. A monster pilgrimage took place to Mazzini's tomb, and a splendid monument was unveiled in Genoa with great ceremony, crowds assembling, and the city being beautifully decorated.

RUSSIA.—The Nihilist capture recently made at St. Petersburg seems to have been very important. Over forty persons were seized, belonging to various classes of society, while on entering the suspected premises a quantity of explosive materials was found. It is thought that this capture may again delay the date of the Coronation.—The Government has issued a fresh circular against the cruel treatment of the Jews, warning officials that the responsibility of such outrages rests upon them, and renders them liable to punishment. Meanwhile the authorities at Odessa have been warned to send no more refugees to Brody for fear of a catastrophe.

INDIA.—The Khond rising has been finally suppressed, but many of the offenders are still at large. There is little home news, save that the Government has abandoned the Petroleum Bill, and that violent floods have occurred in Madras, causing much distress. The Burmese Embassy has temporarily proved a failure, being unable to grant the concessions demanded by the Indian Government.

In Afghanistan the Ameer has gone to Charasiab to inflict punishment for a freebooting raid.

UNITED STATES.—Just twelve months after the commission of his crime, Guiteau was to be hung yesterday (Friday), all efforts to establish his insanity having failed. The wretched man continued up to a late moment to utter blasphemous statements about his heavenly mission, and to assert that President Arthur would not dare to permit his execution under the penalty of the Divine wrath. "Brother Hicks," he exclaimed to his spiritual adviser, "I am God's man. God takes care of His own."

The strikes throughout the States are spreading widely, and, though masters have yielded in a few places, other trades are now joining. The freight business in New York is at a complete standstill, and the Italian labourers engaged to replace the railway strikers at Albany have now struck in their turn. So much popular sympathy is shown with the men that it is thought the railways will be forced ultimately to yield. Disasters of another kind have also affected the country, fresh tornadoes having done immense damage both to life and property in Iowa, Illinois, and Dakota. In the first State trains were fairly blown from the tracks, and altogether 130 lives have been lost during the recent storms, and damage done to property to the value of 700,000*l*. The question of the imprisonment of American citizens in Ireland has again come before Congress, and the House has requested the President to demand the reasons of the British Government for such conduct. The Russian Jewish emigrants are proving very unsatisfactory. On their arrival at New York they refuse to work, and expect to be kept in idleness, so the Russian Aid Society have refused to have anything to do with them.

MISCELLANEOUS.—GERMANY has been receiving with great ceremony an envoy from the Sultan, bringing a present of horses to the Emperor and the Crown Prince and Princess. The Emperor has at last accepted the resignation of the Finance Minister, Herr von Bitter, whose office has been accepted by Prince Bismarck, notwithstanding that the latter had announced that he was going to take complete rest at Varzin, and would take no notice whatever of any business communications.—AUSTRIA is fairly content with affairs in Bosnia and the Herzegovina, as in the latter district the fugitives are coming back, and in the former the inhabitants are favourable to the recruiting. In the Theiss district feeling is again strong against the Jews, owing to a girl's body having been found, supposed to be that of a young woman missing for some time, and asserted to have been murdered by the Jews to lighten the Easter bread with her blood. Now the mother states that the corpse is not that of the missing girl.—In SOUTH AFRICA the disturbances in Zululand appear to be quieting down, and for the present no attack has been made on John Dunn, the chiefs not intending to attack him unless he should prove the aggressor. Cetewayo is shortly to start for England, and Cape Town greatly dislikes the prospect of his visit, and another protest on the subject is to be moved in the Council. The report on the Colonial forces shows them to be in good condition, with the exception of the field artillery.



THE QUEEN will remain at Windsor for a fortnight longer, and will then go to the Isle of Wight for a month. Her Majesty on Saturday was present at a concert given by the Queen's command in St. George's Hall, Windsor, the performers being the students of the Norwood Normal College and Musical Academy for the Blind. Accompanied by Princess Christian and her two daughters, the Princess Beatrice, and the two Princesses of Hesse, Her Majesty remained throughout the whole of the concert, to which a number of

visitors had been invited. On Sunday morning the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Princesses of Hesse attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. J. St. John Blunt preached, and afterwards Her Majesty received the Marquis of Hartington. In the evening the Queen gave a small dinner-party. The Duc d'Aumale dined with the Royal party on Monday, and later the Duke and Duchess of Albany arrived on a visit, and Princess Christian dined at the Castle. On Tuesday Her Majesty held a Court to receive a congratulatory address from the General Assembly of the Scottish Church on her recent escape from assassination, the deputation, headed by the Earl of Aberdeen, being received with great ceremony by the Queen and Princess Beatrice. In the evening Her Majesty gave a diplomatic dinner-party, and on Wednesday, which was the anniversary of the Queen's Coronation, the Duchess of Connaught dined at the Castle, the Duchess taking back to town the Princesses Beatrice and Elizabeth to attend the State concert.—On Thursday Her Majesty held a Council at the Castle.—The Queen has sent a message of sympathy to the mother of Mr. Bourke who was lately assassinated in Ireland. Her Majesty has appointed the Hon. W. Carington Esquerry in the stead of Lord Alfred Fitzroy, on the latter's accession to the Dukedom of Grafton.

The Prince and Princess of Wales concluded their visit to Bradford on Saturday, stopping at St. George's Hall on their way to the station to open a Bazaar on behalf of the Church Institute. Returning to town, they dined in the evening with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. The Prince and Princess attended Divine Service next morning, and in the afternoon the Princess and her daughters went to the Flower Service at Berkeley Chapel, where they presented fruit and floral offerings, while subsequently they visited the Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo Road, to distribute some of the gifts. The Princess spoke to each patient, and gave permission for the central ward to be called "Alexandra." On Monday the Prince and Princess visited Hastings and St. Leonard's, where their proceedings are chronicled in "Our Illustrations." They returned to town in the afternoon, the Prince in the evening dining with the French Ambassador, while the Princess accompanied the Duke and Duchess of Teck to the French plays. On Tuesday the Prince inspected the Hon. Corps of Yeomen of the Guard, and with the Princess dined with Count and Countess Karolyi, while next evening they attended the State Concert at Buckingham Palace. Yesterday (Friday) the Prince and Princess were to be present at the military *fête* in the Chelsea Hospital Gardens in aid of the erection of Army Coffee Taverns. The Prince and Princess will shortly give a garden party at Marlborough House, and on the 10th inst. the Prince will visit the Royal Agricultural Show at Reading, while on the 19th the Princess will attend the garden party of the British Home for Incurables in the Clapham Road.—Princes Albert Victor and George have gone to Cagliari, Sardinia, after five days' stay at Palermo.

The Duke of Edinburgh has had a narrow escape from drowning. Last week, while the Squadron was in Carril Bay, the Duke was out fishing, when he hooked a big fish, and in the excitement lost his footing, and was dragged under the weir, sixteen feet deep. He was carried under water four times, and after being immersed for half an hour managed to get out, and at once rejoined his vessel. The Duke, in command of the First Reserve Squadron, has now reached Gibraltar. The Duke of Connaught remained in the *Lively* at Cape Verd for a few days, and then followed his brother. It is hoped that the sea-air will cure the Duke's asthma, and that he will be well enough to resume his command later on during the autumn manoeuvres. Later in the summer the Duke and Duchess will visit Germany.—Princess Louise has been on a tour up the St. Lawrence.—Princess Christian is again visiting the Prince and Princess of Wales, and on Tuesday opened the Loan Art Exhibition for the benefit of the Working Ladies' Guild, at Crescent House, Fulham. Prince Christian will remain in Germany till the end of the month.—The Duke of Albany presided at the annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund last Saturday. To-day (Saturday) he lays the foundation stone of the New Parish Church for Hammer-smith, and on the 24th inst. he will visit Marlborough College, of which he is a life-governor, to witness the prize distribution, and subsequently to attend a concert on behalf of the Royal College of Music.



THE SALVATION ARMY.—The extravagances of the "soldiers" of the Salvation Army have evoked an expression of strong and unwonted censure from the Earl of Shaftesbury, which will carry all the greater weight when the noble Earl's life-long sympathy with religious and philanthropic movements is considered. Speaking at Blackheath last Saturday, Lord Shaftesbury said he considered the name of the so-called "Army" blasphemous. It should be known as General Booth's Army. The plea of earnestness was not enough to excuse its excesses. Mr. Bradlaugh is in earnest; the Devil is in earnest; if every movement that was in earnest was to be supported they would not know what they might support. The "Army," he contended, was producing irreverence of thought, of expression, of action, and it turned religion into play, making it grotesque and vulgar. The work of the Gospel was hardly to be forwarded by "Hallelujah Galops," with which some meetings of the Salvation Army finished.—The Bishop of Manchester, on the other hand, preaching last Sunday morning at St. George's-in-the-East, referring to the work of the Army, expressed admiration of the courage of those who laboured in the cause; and, although he generally mistrusted popular methods of emotional evangelisation, wished the Army hearty success in its efforts to reach and rouse the masses. He hoped the Church of England would use greater efforts than hitherto been made to reach the same class of people.—"General" Booth does not, meantime, seem to be idle. He has purchased for 16,750*l* the lease of the "Eagle" Tavern in the City Road, including the Grecian Theatre and grounds, capable in all of seating ten thousand people. There he trusts he may gather tens of thousands of the worst of the people together "to hear about salvation." The Archbishop of Canterbury has sent 5*l*. to help in the purchase, and gives expression to his approval of the acquisition of the premises for the Army's purposes. The "General," in appealing for immediate money aid from the public, says that the Bishop of London, the Right Hon. Earl Cairns, and the ex-Lord Mayor have expressed warm sympathy with the movement of which he is the head.

"LAY HELP."—In the course of the speech in which Lord Shaftesbury expressed disapproval of the proceedings of the Salvation Army, he spoke in enthusiastic terms of the labours of laymen in the special services at theatres and halls and mission rooms. He calculated that there were 400,000 people in London who would never have heard one word of the Gospel had it not been for lay agents and self-constituted missionaries. Where the Gospel was preached with simplicity and fervour, even although not by educated men, the hearts of the people would be reached; it was to the efforts of the laity to combat the "indifferentism" of the laity that he looked with the greatest hope and confidence.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS will be held in Derby, beginning on October 3rd and lasting until the 7th. The list of invited readers

and speakers will soon be published. It is intended that fewer papers will be read this autumn, and in consequence longer time will be available for debate. Papers or speeches have been promised by the Bishops of Liverpool and Bedford, by Sir Bartle Frere, Earl Nelson, Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., Mr. Cecil Raikes, M.P., the Dean of Wells, Dr. W. G. F. Phillimore, and other well-known gentlemen.

THE CONSECRATION OF THE VENERABLE ALFRED BLOMFIELD, D.D., as Suffragan Bishop of St. Alban's, with the title of Bishop of Colchester, took place in St. Alban's Cathedral last Saturday. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishops of St. Alban's, London, Ely, and Bedford, took part in the ceremony, which was attended by upwards of one hundred surpliced clergy from all parts of the Diocese. Among the numerous audience that assembled to witness the imposing spectacle were the Mayor and Corporation of St. Alban's in their robes. After the service the Bishop of St. Alban's entertained a large company at luncheon in the Town Hall.

CHURCH STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—During a children's service which was held in the parish church at Ormskirk, near Liverpool, last Sunday afternoon, a flash of lightning struck and injured some of the stonework in the interior of the steeple. The sudden thunder-clap, which is described as having resembled the report of a cannon-shot, followed by fire, created a panic, and a rush was made for the doors by many of the crowded audience of children, which might have ended disastrously but for the presence of mind of the Rev. J. Phillips and the churchwardens. When the alarm subsided the service was continued, special prayers of thanksgiving being offered.

BLUE RIBBON ARMY.—In view of the forthcoming visit of the Blue Ribbon Army to Canterbury, the Dean has consented to act as president of the Management Committee. The Bishop of Dover, Bishop Oxenden, and Canon Holland are on the list of vice-presidents. The mission of the Army conducted recently in Dover has resulted in three thousand persons taking the pledge there.

A GENEROUS GIFT.—On being collated to his canonry, Archdeacon Watkins, of Newcastle, found 700*l.* placed to his credit. The Archdeacon has asked the Bishop to privately distribute the money among some of the poorer clergy, "whose incomes are out of all proportion to their merits and their needs."

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY are to remain in Scotland until August. Their mission in Glasgow has been very successful. They contemplate making a preaching tour throughout the United Kingdom next winter.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has written suggesting a form of prayer for seasonable weather for the ingathering of the harvest.

SALE OF LIVINGS.—The representatives of the Curates' Alliance seem determined that no Church living shall be publicly sold without protest on their part. On Tuesday a firm of City auctioneers offered for sale, by order of Mr. Justice Chitty, the advowson and next presentation of the living of Feckenham, Worcestershire, subject to the life of the present incumbent, who was advertised as being now "about forty-six years old." The parish and country were described as lovely, and the income, including certain baptismal fees, approaching 400*l.* per annum. The President of the Curates' Alliance asked some questions which the auctioneer refused to answer, but which had a depressing effect on intending purchasers, if there were any. The auctioneer complained that he might as fairly go to church and interrupt a sermon as be asked such questions, and, as the living was not sold, expressed his intention of reporting to the authorities of the Court of Chancery the obstruction to the sale that had occurred.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Apart from the revival of *Fra Diavolo*, a welcome incident whatever may be the other attractions of the operatic season, the performances, during the last ten days, have been exclusively limited to repetitions. A signal advantage connected with Auber's richly embroidered score, as presented through the medium of its Italian dress, lies in the fact that the accompanied recitatives, substituted for the original spoken dialogue appertaining to French *opéra comique* proper, were, at the late Mr. Frederick Gye's request, prepared by Auber himself; whereas those supplied for another comic opera from his pen, produced, years later, at the same theatre, and proceeding from a different source, were altogether out of keeping. To say more about a work so familiar would be superfluous. While genuine music holds its sway, *Fra Diavolo* cannot fail to enlist admirers among people whose ears are attuned to melody pure and unadulterated, and who are not to be frightened out of their innermost consciousness by the spectral bogey of "infinite melos," or the solemn denunciations of apostles who would persuade us that to give birth to a tune (or rhythmical melody) is more or less of a misdemeanour, and that popularity in art is no sign of merit. Little need be said about the actual performance of *Fra Diavolo* at Mr. Gye's theatre, beyond the fact that Madame Pauline Lucca's Zerlina retains undeteriorated its exuberant life and buoyant spirits, the scene of the bed-room especially, where, on the eve of her marriage, the guileless maiden, unconscious of the near presence of inquisitive observers, admires her own beauty in the looking-glass, being as piquant and fascinating as ever. But why does Madame Lucca omit the soliloquy in which Zerlina dwells upon her approaching happiness? This is surely a mistake, if only because that innocent self-communing throws a halo of ingenuousness and purity over all that ensues. Very much cannot be said in praise of M. Lestellier, the new *Fra Diavolo*, who, though he obtained a contested "encore" for a by no means brilliant delivery of the serenade, "Agnese la Zitella," has neither vocal nor dramatic requisites for the part. Signor Scolari's Lord Rocburg—Koburg, or Coburg (*les trois se disent*)—is agreeably less obtrusive than the English "Milord" to whom we have been accustomed by Signor Ciampi, since the never-to-be forgotten impersonation of Ronconi. The other characters call for no special remark; but whatever shortcomings may have been observed by opera-goers of former days, the genial music of the most prolific and truly national of French musicians, with its brightly sparkling overture and picturesque instrumentation, charmed as it has ever done; and we have to thank Madame Pauline Lucca for this fresh opportunity of hearing it. The opera announced for Thursday was *Il Trovatore*, with Madame Fursch-Madi as Leonora, and Mdlle. Tremelli as Azucena; last night *Fra Diavolo* was to be repeated, and for this evening we are to have, once more, *Don Giovanni*, with a Zerlina in Madame Patti, who sings Mozart's divine melodies just as Mozart wrote them, and therefore would have liked to hear them. On Monday *Carmen* is to be given, for the last appearance of Madame Lucca; and on Tuesday we may expect the first promised novelty—M. Leneveu's *Velleda*, for the introduction of which Madame Patti is responsible.

GERMAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—On Saturday night *Tristan und Isolde* was given for the second time, and has not been since repeated. The second performance was even better than the

first, which, bearing in mind the extraordinary difficulty involved in the task, reflects credit upon all engaged in its accomplishment, from Herr Richter, the admirable conductor, and his leading actors (singers they can in this instance hardly be called, little or nothing that is vocal being put down for them), to the members of his orchestra without exception. Madame Rosa Sucher's Isolde is so ideal an embodiment of Wagner's poetical conception that we cannot but sympathise with the arduous exertions necessitated by her desire to impart as much musical as dramatic significance to the character, an attempt which—the melodious phrases, such as they are, being almost exclusively given to the orchestra—lies barely within range of the possible. Her performance, nevertheless, is in all respects noteworthy, meriting to the furthest extent the eulogies that have been bestowed upon it. With a Tristan like Herr Winkelmann, the lady is thoroughly well mated. He too possesses a just right to indulgent consideration, the music he has to declaim, often, indeed, to vociferate, being no less exacting and no less ungrateful than that assigned to his gifted partner. Here again whatever can be admitted to represent "melody" devolves upon the various instruments of the orchestra—the members of which, it must be admitted, are equal to every emergency. At times, indeed, we are almost reconciled to the strange fact that the orchestral instruments virtually wrest from the mouths of the singers those emotional utterances which have hitherto been the exclusive prerogative of the *dramatis personæ* on the stage, who being thus robbed of all chance of expressing themselves in musical accents, might with equal effect exhibit in dumb show. That this reduces what is called "opera" to a sheer absurdity need scarcely be added. It is Wagner's theory, however, as exemplified in his *Tristan*—where the subordinate personages are treated precisely in the same manner as the leading characters—wrought out to its extremest limits. It behoves, therefore, all who take an interest in the matter to consider this theory with earnest sincerity. In our own opinion, shared by the great majority of those who love music for music's sake, its successful development would lead to the annihilation of one of the most beautiful and healthful forms of Art. Happily there is small likelihood of such an undesirable result. So remarkable a series of performances as those of the German Opera at Drury Lane, which terminated last night with another representation of the *Meistersinger*, are entitled to a brief retrospect, which must be deferred till our next issue.

WAIFS.—It is reported that Signor Scgambati, the pianist and composer, intends visiting America.—The Committee for the Haydn Memorial have chosen Heinrich Ratter's life-size model of the illustrious Viennese master. It is to be executed in marble, and, as soon as completed, set up in the Esterhazy Park.—Our countryman, Mr. Frederick Archer, the well-known organist, is, in conjunction with Mr. Mallory, director of the Madison Square Theatre, projecting a scheme for the permanent establishment of an English Opera House in New York.—Bernhard Stade, an esteemed organist and composer, died recently at Arnstadt, in his sixty-seventh year. Besides his great skill as a performer of Bach's music, Stade was well known as restorer of an organ in the Church of St. Boniface, upon which the famous "Cantor" played from 1703 to 1707, during his first official appointment at Arnstadt.—The Russian National Opera in St. Petersburg is being entirely reorganised, at a very considerable augmentation of expenses in every department. Of course the season will be "inaugurated" with *Life for the Czar*, the most popular, not only of Glinka's, but of all Russian operas.—The new provisional theatre at Schwerin is to open in the first week of October.—The Duke of Meiningen is establishing a Dramatic School, which necessitates the enlargement of the Ducal Theatre.—The operas of Wagner, ten in all, are to be presented in chronological order at the Leipsic Stadttheater.—The West Holstein Music Festival was held on the 4th ult. at Itzehoe.—Another new theatre is building at St. Sebastian (Spain).—The Order of the Italian Crown has been conferred on M. Massenet, composer of *Le Roi de Lahore* and *Hérodiade*.—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's opera, *Diana von Solange*, is in rehearsal at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin.

UNSCIENTIFIC VIEWS ON BIRD-MIGRATION

WE pointed out in a previous number (April 16th, 1881) the views which modern ornithological science holds with regard to the migrations of birds in spring and autumn, as detailed in the speculations of Weissmann, Palmén, and Seebohm. At the same time we also called attention to the practical method followed by Messrs. Harvie Brown, and Cordeaux, of obtaining exact notes on the birds passing by the lighthouses round our coasts, which plan, it may be added, is still being carefully pursued. It is worth while contrasting these scientific views with the vague suppositions and amusing credulities of some ancient writers on bird-migration, and showing that oft-exploded fancies on the subject still linger in those men's minds who have not given much attention to birds. Ignorance dies hard everywhere; perhaps nowhere harder than when the birds and beasts of common life are concerned. Nothing is easier, it might be thought, than for those interested in these creatures to observe their manner of life and differing habits. Yet as a matter of fact many people prefer time-honoured traditions and views of their own, which they never bring to the test of experience.

Aristotle speaks very sensibly in his "History of Animals" of the two great migratory instincts of birds, to fly from cold countries into warmer lands and the reverse, but goes amusingly astray when he descends to particulars. Thus cranes, he tells us, fly from one end of the world to the other in their migrations, and seek the fountains of the Nile and its marshes, where the Pygmies dwell, a diminutive race, as well as their horses, of a span high, and of troglodytic habits. They fly against the wind on these migrations (as it may be added, many birds are observed to do at present), but the legend of their carrying a stone for ballast, which is useful for a test of gold, is a mere fable. Pelicans fly in a body waiting for each other, lest in flying over mountains the first should become separated from those behind. The weaker birds always start first. Quails on their immigration to Greece fare well if it be fine weather and a north wind, but labour and fly heavily in a south wind and wet weather, owing to their inability to fly far. They always cry out when on the wing, for they are then in difficulties. When they immigrate to Greece they have no guide; but, when they leave again, a bird called "glottis" flies with them accompanied by the landrail, the horned owl, and the ortolan. The glottis calls for them through the night, and when the fowls hear its voice they know that the flight will not rest in that place. Although Pliny lived some four hundred years after Aristotle, he is even more credulous, and cannot forego the marvellous. He too dwells on the vast distance from which the cranes come after persecuting the Pygmies. They fly after a leader, he says, in well-ordered bands, answering the challenge of each other on their aerial way. They keep regular watches during the night, holding pebbles in their claws, so that when these drop, the lazy ones are found out. The rest sleep on the ground with the head under the wing, standing on each foot alternately. They balance themselves too with sand, which they drop from their bills on reaching their destination, just as they had previously dropped the pebbles on nearing it. Storks are still more mysterious in their migration. Whence they come or whither they retire has never been found out, but it is certainly to some very distant country. They assemble and depart on a fixed day, none but captives and slaves are left behind. They always come and go by night; none has ever seen them depart, and whenever they arrive, it is always by night. Geese and swans migrate in the same manner, but their flight is visible. They are borne along in a wedge-like

shape with outstretched beaks after the fashion of Liburnian galleys, as this is easier than flying with erect necks. They rest their necks on those preceding them, and cherish their wearied leaders in the rear. Quails migrate in such bodies as even to be a source of damage to ships should they light upon them. Pliny repeats Aristotle's language about them, and adds that a hawk kills the first that reaches land, perhaps bearing in mind the story of Proteus at the Siege of Troy. On their return they solicit a convoy, and the same birds, he says, as are named above accompany them. Owls also take stones in their claws and sand in their bills for ballast when they migrate. The most singular of Pliny's stories is the one which touches the beliefs of last century about swallows, which views, however, are not yet extinct. These birds, he says, leave during the winter months, and are the only species of birds without crooked claws which yet feed on flesh. They only depart into the neighbouring districts, following the sunny vales between mountains, and they have been found in such situations featherless, owing to their moult. White of Selborne, it is well known, was a firm believer in the partial migration of swallows, and was much interested (Letter X.) in a story told him "by a clergyman of an inquisitive turn," that two or three swifts had been found in a church tower early in spring apparently dead, but that they had revived on being brought near a fire. In Letter XII. he approves of a Swedish naturalist's idea that some swallows go under water for the season in the beginning of winter, and the notion frequently appears in his "History of Selborne." Dr. Johnson on one occasion, says Boswell, was pleased to talk of natural philosophy. It is not surprising that, as he had made no special study of it, he was not free from the ideas of the time. "That woodcocks fly over the northern countries," said he, is proved, because they have been observed at sea. Swallows certainly sleep all the winter. A number of them conglobulate together, by flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw themselves under water and lie in the bed of a river," (II. p. 56, Ed. 1816).

A most amusing passage in "The Birds" of Aristophanes combines in one the beliefs of the ancients about the birds' habit of carrying different substances during migration (III. i.). It shows in what manner each of them contributed to the building of their city, Cloud-cuckooland. Homer is in the first instance responsible for the ancient belief about the cranes bearing death and havoc to the Pygmies. The alternate peace and war which this fabulous people thus enjoyed is probably a mythic version of ordinary atmospheric changes, or of the succession of day and night.

The persistency, however, of popular error is amazing. We know one instance within the last month or two where a lecturer on ornithology was afterwards asked whether it was not true that many birds put their heads under their wings, wrap themselves up as much as possible in the fashion of a ball, and retire under water in ponds to spend the winter. Another of the audience followed this question up, and that in perfect good faith, with a still more astounding belief, founded probably on the popular myth of the wren flying up towards heaven on the eagle. He actually asked whether it were a fact that in the emigration of birds the little ones always crossed the sea on the larger birds' backs. A third instance of credulity, however, transcends all the fancies which we have named. This ornithological theorist maintained that migration among birds proceeded on this wise. When any birds wished to fly to sunnier shores, they simply rose high into the air at night, and sustained themselves there on their pinions. Meanwhile the motion of the earth carried away from under them the land of which they were tired, and they managed to descend from their airy heights in time to alight upon the country in which they desired to find themselves. This view would commend itself to its holders from the fact of its ensuring the birds against the chance of missing the aerial landmarks which should guide them to the country which they were seeking. It would also obviate the necessity of their crossing seas which are frequently tempestuous, as they would be "in regions mild of calm and serene air," and one or two plausible reasons to support a theory greatly commend it to the inexact unscientific visionary who is at once ready, with or without experience, to pronounce judgment on everything in heaven and earth. The ordinary scientific use of combined observation and hypothesis is the only method which will ever unlock for us the secrets of bird-migration. Lady Canace, who, according to Chaucer in the "Squire's Tale," possessed a ring by which—

There is no foule that fleeth under heaven
That she ne shal wel understand his steven,
And know his meaning openly and plaine,
And answer him in his language again,—

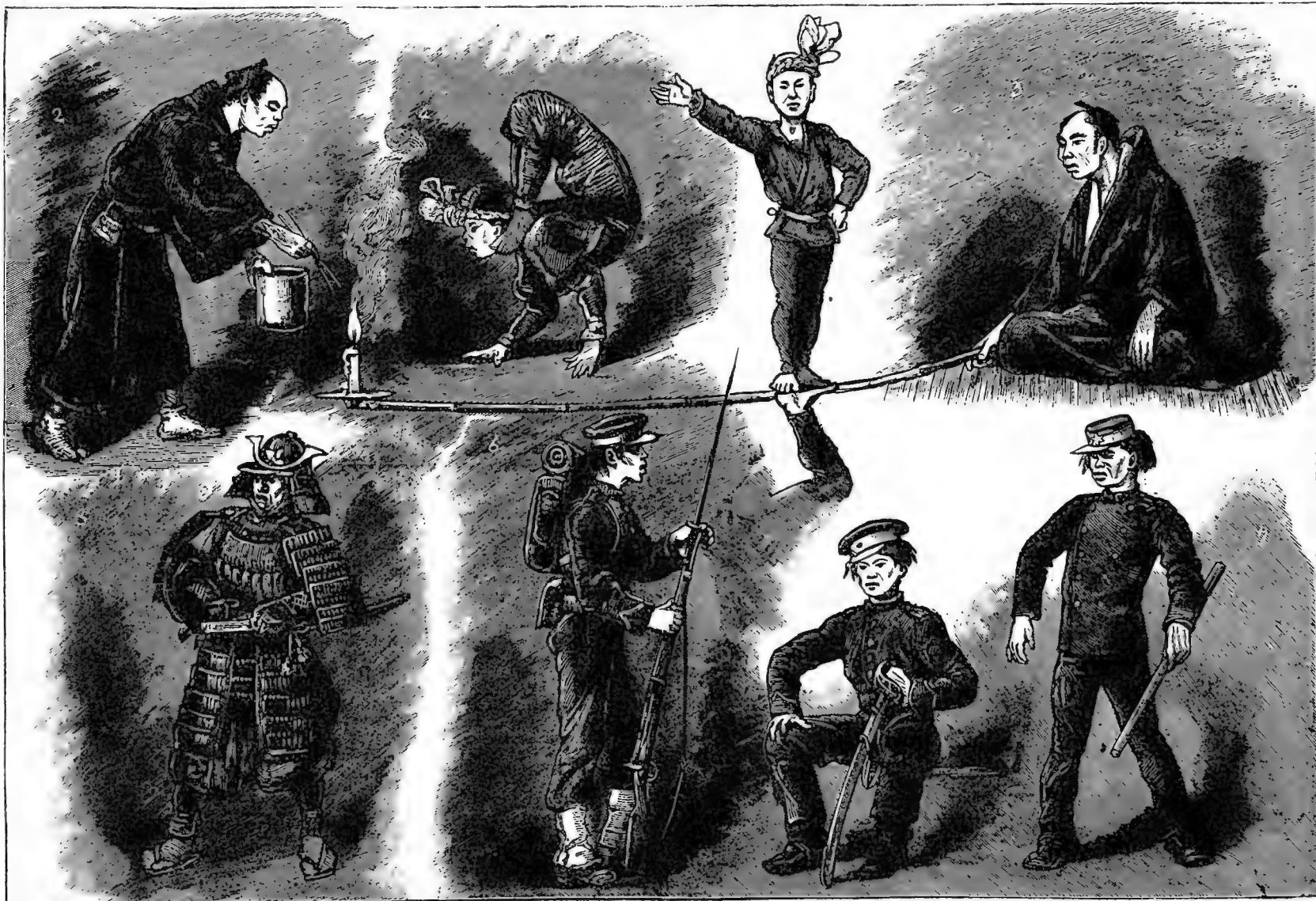
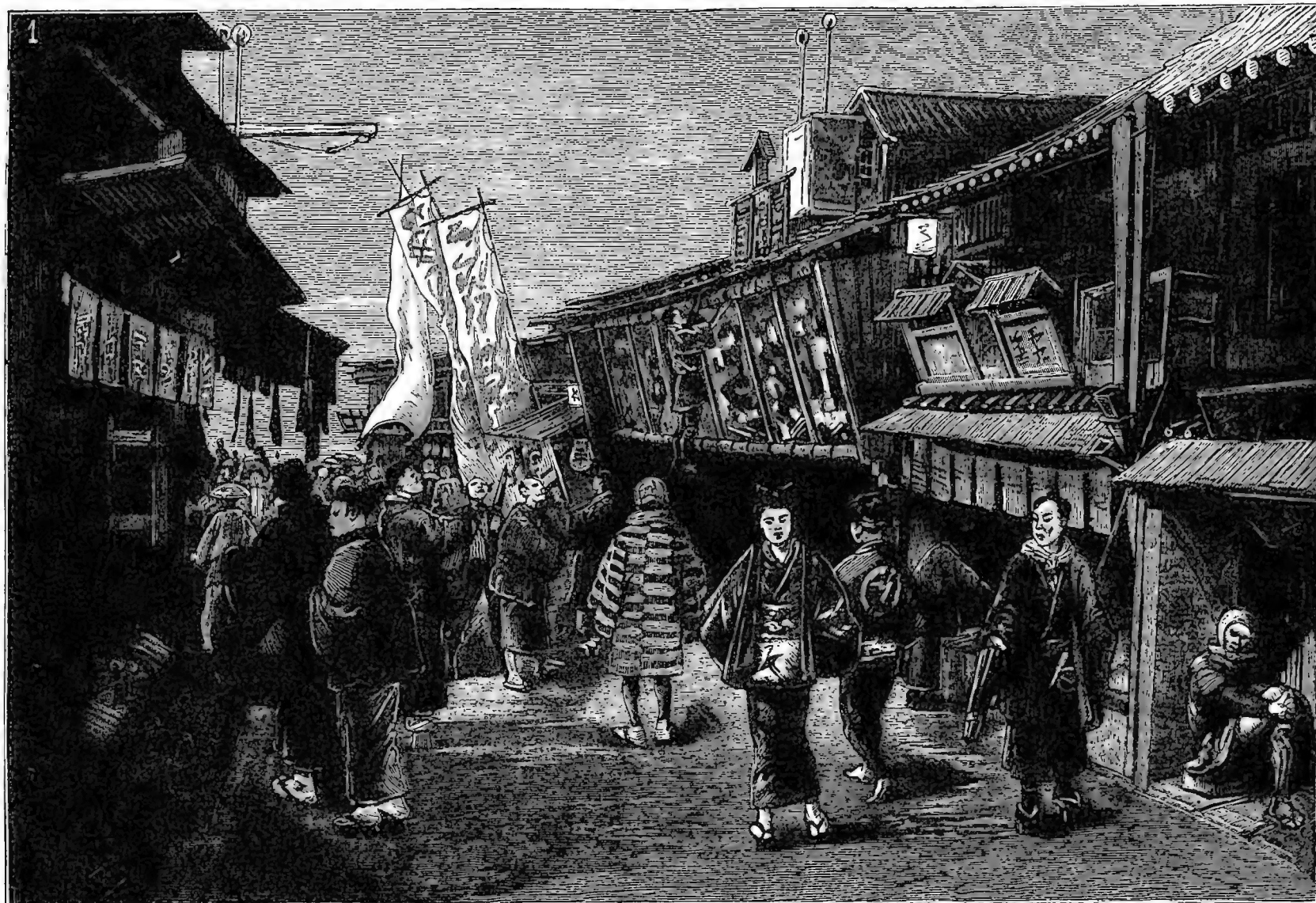
unfortunately has not bequeathed it to modern ornithologists. But if any one wishes to know in a lucid form the chief facts on bird migration which have been lately discovered, and some of which are sufficiently curious and novel, he will find them in the "Report of the British Association, 1881," p. 189.

M. G. WATKINS



THE TURF.—The concluding day at Stockbridge at the end of last week will be remembered for the defeat of Adriana, who had naturally been installed as the crack two-year-old of the season, both by Mr. Crawford's son of Macaroni and Heather Bell, and Lord Alington's St. Blaise in the Hurstbourne Stakes. On the same day the Duke of Beaufort showed that his small stud was in good form by winning Her Majesty's Plate with Petronel and the All-Aged Welter Plate with Lepus in a field of fifteen, Archer on the latter landing his followers a second to 1 chance in the week. During the last few days racing has mainly been northwards, Birmingham (Four Oaks) and Newcastle (Gosforth Park) being the venues; while Alexandra Park, beloved of metropolitans, was the only southward tryst entered in the *Calendar*. At Newcastle on the first day, Wokingham, a 20 to 1 chance in a field of only eight, won the Stewards' Cup for Mr. R. Jardine; and the North Derby for three-year olds was won by Mermaid, against whom 10 to 1 was laid in a field of five, Mr. Rothschild's once-famous Nellie, on whom long odds were laid, being beaten off. On the Wednesday the Northumberland Plate, long known as the "Pitmen's Derby," and numbering among its winners such famous animals as Hermap Plattoff, Kingston, Underhand, and Caller Ou, produced a field of eleven, out of which Faugh-a-Ballagh was made a hot favourite at 5 to 4 against, in consequence of his excellent running at Ascot. He was, however, in trouble some distance from home, and the race fell to Victor Emmanuel, whose previous running this year led very few of the general racing public to have any fancy for him. Ishmael was again trusted by his friends, but failed to obtain a place, Novice, who started at 14 to 1, and the rank outsider Champion running second and third. At Birmingham Rookery got back some of the recent losses of her backers by winning the Great Midland Foal Plate; Sailor Prince beat the favourite Minnehaha for the Four Oaks Two-Year-Old Plate; and Spécialité took the Beaudesert Two-Year-Old Plate, beating the more fancied Carmelo and six others.

CRICKET.—There has been plenty of interest in the willow and leather department since our last. On Saturday, the 24th, at the Oval, the Australians inflicted a terrible defeat on a very strong



1. A Street in Kioto, Outside the Theatre.—2 and 3. Snuffer and Light-Holder in the Theatre.—4. Tumblers.—5. Warrior of Fifty Years Ago.—6. Soldier of the Present Day.—7. Policemen.

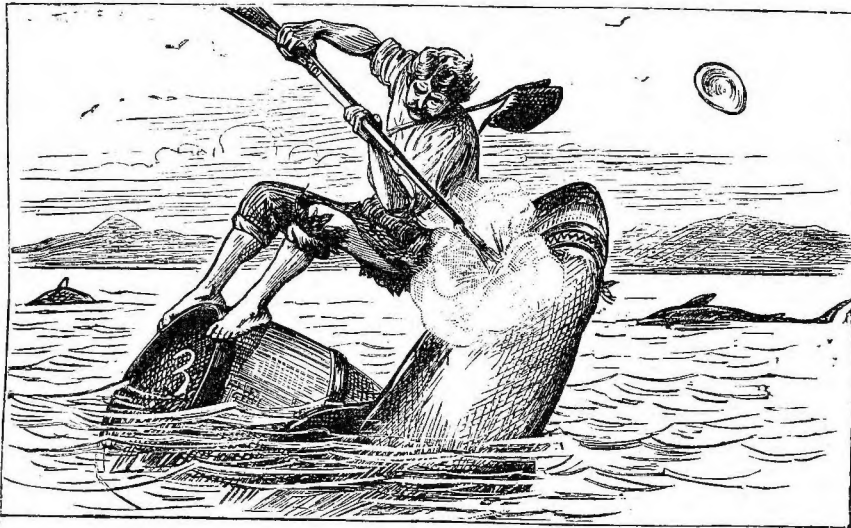
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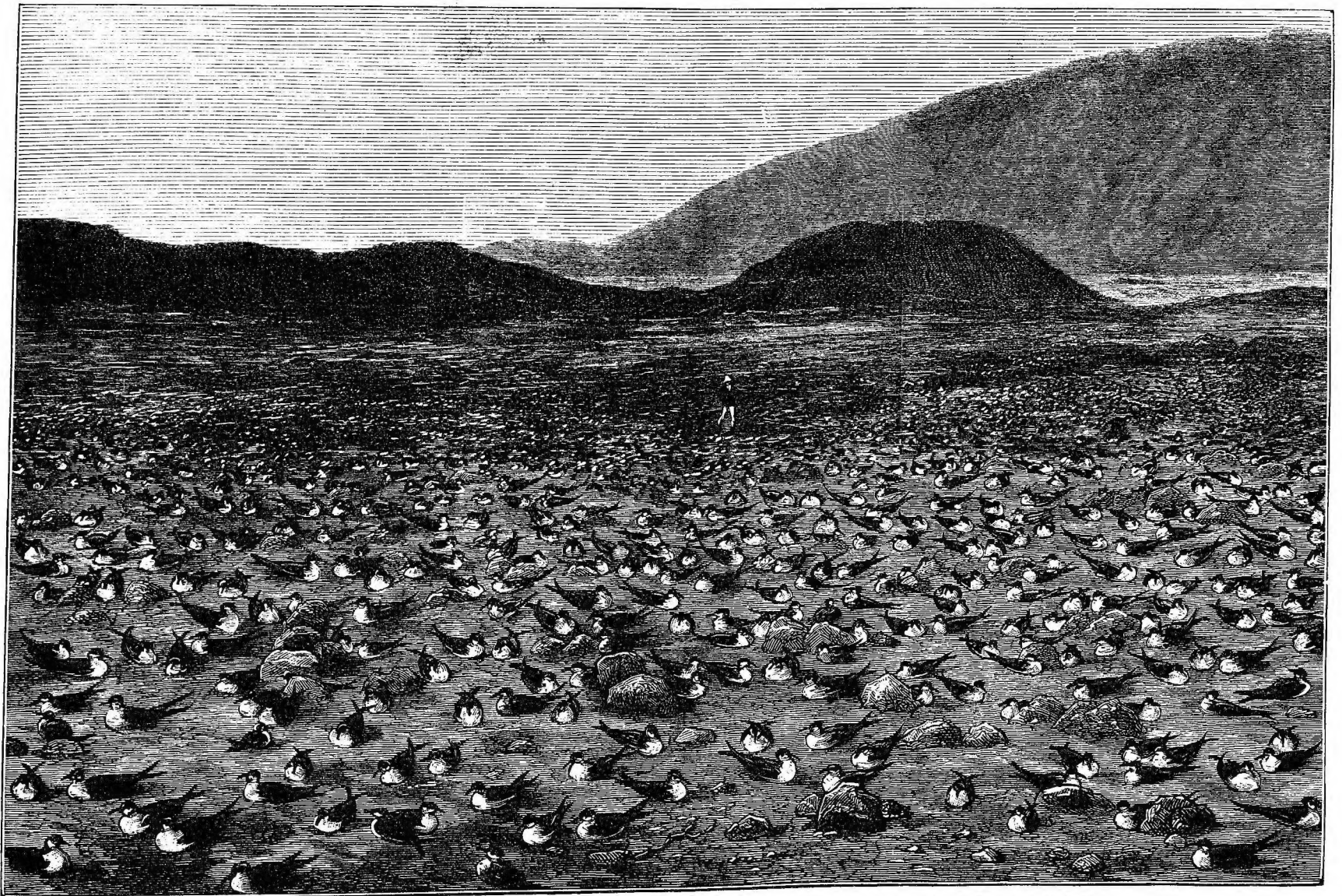


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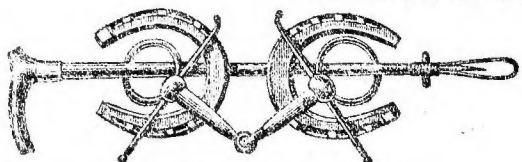
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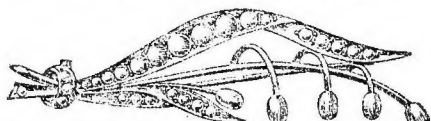
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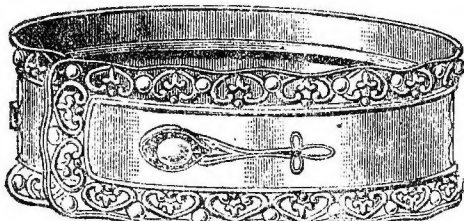
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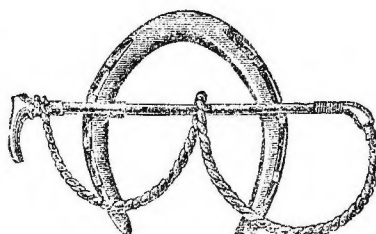
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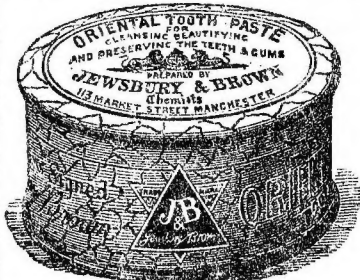
(opened in 1867)—30th Election.—The following CANDIDATES were duly ELECTED this day, June 21, 1882, at the Cannon Street Hotel, Captain Hon. Francis Maude, R.N., in the Chair, for admission into the House at Belvedere on 1st July.

Names.	Age	Years at Sea	Rank.	Port	No. of Votes
Williams, Richard	77	40	Seaman	Southampton	462
Davies, Joseph	66	40	Mate	Stepney	415
Rowen, William	65	45	Seaman	Poplar	397
Harkness, L. W.	69	50	Seaman	London	294
Taylor, John	74	60	Master	London	11
Nominated by Committee according to Rule 2.					
Pearson, Thomas	70	57	Master	Plymouth	—
For Out-pensions at various ports.					
Netting, R. P.	65	47	Boatswain	Poplar	594
Worwood, William	73	43	Mate	London	426
Adams, William	70	60	Master	Dundee	409
Tindle, J. S.	74	44	Master	North Shields	350
Ettes, John (Blind)	66	35	Master	Sunderland	341
Tenks, Samuel	64	35	Seaman	Cardigan	341
Fitchet, John	80	50	Master	Montrose	326
Scobey, John	67	40	Master	Penzance	274
Bucksey, Thomas	71	21	Seaman	London	250
Burrows, Robert	66	45	Seaman	London	247
Farrier, Richard	69	55	Mate	Barnessey	234
Robinson, Thomas	78	60	Master	Sunderland	238
Nominated by Committee according to Rule 2.					
Huntingdon, Joseph	70	50	Seaman	N. Shields	—
Evans, Henry	67	40	Seaman	Aberforth	—

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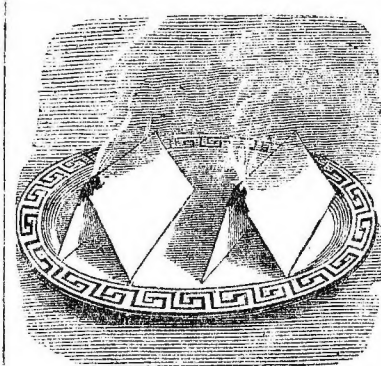
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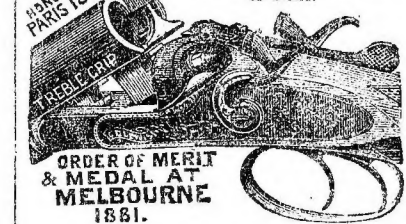
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